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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

THE MURDER IN COLUMBIA, PA.

PARTICULARS OF THE OCCURRENCE.

On Tuesday last, an investigation was made before Esquire Fisher, of Columbia, of the facts relative to the recent Murder case in Columbia. District Attorney Thompson attended, and conducted the examination, we learn, with much ability. We quote from the *Spy* of Saturday last the following

TESTIMONY.

Dr. HENRY JOHN, *aff.*—On Friday, the 30th April, at 9 o'clock A. M., I was called to make a post mortem examination on the body of William Smith. The external wound was about two inches below the base of the right ear; wound rather regular and inverted; made by a small leaden ball. The upper vertibra of the spinal column was broken. The ball was found about an inch and a-half from the left side of the neck, between the styloid and pterygoid processes. Death was produced by the injury of the spinal marrow. The wound was mortal. The ball had cut the internal carotid artery and jugular vein; deceased bled to death.

Dr. A. CLARKSON SMITH, *sworn.*—I was in company with Dr. H. John when the post mortem examination was made. The statement made by Dr. John is correct. The vertibral artery, as large as the internal caroted, was also severed by the ball. The wound was necessarily mortal.

JOHN WILLIAMS (coloured), *sworn.*—On Thursday, the 29th ult., in the lower part of Columbia, where I was at work, in the afternoon, I saw two men arrest William Smith. Didn't see any paper in their hands. Before they placed their hands on him, heard Snyder say to the other man, "catch him." They then laid hold of him, one on each side. Didn't hear them say anything to Smith. He struggled and tried to pull away from them; was in a stooped position all the while. Think he did not at any time get his arms away from their hands. From the time they seized Smith until he was shot could not have been more than two minutes. At the end of two minutes, the man they called Ridgely fired and shot. Ridgely had a pistol; I did not see Snyder have any instrument; heard the report of the pistol. Did not see the pistol at the time Ridgely shot; saw it before; saw Smith fall and turn over on his back. What I mean by struggling is, Smith tried to pull away from the officers. The backs of all were towards me. I was standing about thirty yards from where Smith was shot, at the time of the occurrence. Smith was engaged in piling lumber. After Smith fell, Snyder said to Ridgely, "come, give yourself up." They then started up Front street towards the centre of Columbia. When the officers first arrested Smith, I heard Snyder tell Ridgely to knock him down. This was when Smith had fallen in the struggle and had raised again. Did not hear Ridgely make any reply. There were no persons present when the affair happened, except some coloured men on top of the board piles. No effort was made by the coloured men or other persons to rescue Smith from the officers. No effort was made after the affair to do violence to the officers; they were not followed by a crowd. Smith did not live more than two minutes after the pistol was fired. From all I saw of the struggle, I think the pistol was fired by design. At no time had Smith any advantage over the two officers. They had hold of him all the time. Suppose that Smith was about five or six feet or seven inches high. Ridgely is about six feet, well proportioned; Snyder about as large as Smith; Snyder has but one hand. When Snyder told Ridgely to give himself up, Ridgely said he would. Smith was working for me—had a wife, but no children that I know of.

HENRY K. MINNICH, *sworn.*—First that I heard of the affair was the report of the pistol; at that time, I was in my house. I ran out immediately, and went to the place where Smith was lying. When I got there, there was no person present. The officers were then going away round the board pile. In a few minutes, the persons at work in the yard gathered. No person that I saw followed Ridgely and Snyder. From my house to where Smith was shot is about tweny yards. There was no crowd, mob or riotous disturbance on the part of those who gathered.

LEVI TITTLE (coloured), *sworn.*—I was in the alley at the time Ridgely took hold of Smith; was between four and five steps from them. I walked on past them; and before I had got twelve steps from them, I heard a report of a pistol. I turned round and saw Smith falling. I stopped about a minute before I went to them. I found Smith bleeding very much. Did not see any warrant or paper in the hands of Ridgely when he took hold of Smith.

CHRISTMAS JOHNSON (coloured), *sworn.*—I was present on the afternoon Smith was shot; did not see the officers until they got to where the affair happened. When I saw them, one was on each side of him—had hold of his arms; Smith was in a stooping position all the time I saw them. I saw Ridgely put his hand in his pocket, and draw out a pistol; saw him throw his arm back as if he was going to strike. Snyder said to him, "don't shoot him"—did not hear Ridgely say anything; but he shot immediately afterwards. They both had hold of Smith, with their backs towards me. I saw both officers have hold of Smith. Ridgely had hold with one arm, whilst he put the other in his pocket and drew out his pistol. Smith was in a stooped position at the time Ridgely shot. I was on top of a board pile at the time. No person interfered with the officers to rescue Smith. During the time I saw them, Smith had not succeeded in getting loose. After Smith fell, Snyder said to Ridgely, you will have to give yourself up: Ridgely said he would, and they started off. No person followed them that I saw. Smith lived about two minutes after he was shot.

JAMES BOGGS (coloured), *sworn.*—I saw Smith when Snyder and Ridgely arrested him; they caught him by the breast of the jacket. Smith said, "men, what do you mean?" Ridgely put his hand in his pocket, drew out a pistol and cocked it, and said to Smith, "now I've got you, you black son of a bitch." Smith tried to get away. I went down the alley, and got about thirty steps, when I heard the report of a pistol. I then went back, and saw Smith lying on the ground, gasping. I did not see any persons interfere with the officers.

ALLEN BOWSIN (coloured), *sworn.*—I was on the top of a board pile about twelve feet high, about fifteen yards from where Smith was shot. I heard some person say, "oh men, oh men," which caused me to look around. I saw Snyder have hold of Smith's left arm, and Ridgely holding his right, with his left hand. Smith was pulling towards the fence; saw Ridgely raise his hand with a pistol in it; heard him say something, but could not understand what it was, and instantly he fired. Smith fell forward on his face, then rolled over on his back. Ridgely put his pistol in his coat-pocket, and both officers started off and walked out the alley. I asked what that man shot Billy for, when Ridgely turned and looked at me, and walked on. I followed them up and came in sight of them at Grove's shoe store, about two squares from the place. I followed on until they reached Parsons' tavern, where they both entered. John Williams and myself were the only two persons that came up after them from the yard. I told different persons what had taken place, and afterwards went back to the yard where Smith was shot.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Jr. (coloured), *sworn.*—I was standing about fourteen feet from where Smith was shot. The first I saw of the officers were coming up the alley, each having hold of Smith by the shoulder. I saw Ridgely reach into his pocket and get out a pistol, saying, "you damned black son of a bitch, I've got you now." I then saw Ridgely fire the pistol; he shot over his shoulder. I understand Snyder to say, "drop him." I heard Smith say, "don't men, don't." I am positive that Ridgely's left hand was on Smith's shoulder at the time he fired with his right hand. I did not see the officers first take hold of Smith. After Smith fell, Snyder and Ridgely turned around and walked away towards the railroad. I started after them, and followed them up to Parsons' tavern. I was in company with Allen Bowsin, and with James Boggs part the way. I was a square off from them; I saw nothing like a mob.

SARAH HARRIS, *affirmed.*—I was sitting in the room of my house at the time. I first noticed three men, one coloured and two white men; I then heard the report of a pistol, when the coloured man fell. When I first saw them, I did not see a pistol in the hands of the white men. I did not notice that the coloured man was endeavouring to escape. The white men stood four or five minutes afterwards, when they said they would go. I did not see Smith have Ridgely's finger in his mouth; think I could have seen it if he had; the window was up. I did not see any persons about but the three at the time. Both white men had hold of the coloured man, one on each side; I saw no struggling to get away.

—These facts are conclusive. They prove a most atrocious violation of law, and show that Ridgely has added to his original crime of Murder that of wilful and deliberate falsehood that his guilt might be screened. The statement given in the *Clapper* and other Baltimore papers, that "every demonstration was being made by free negroes and Abolitionists of a determination to rescue the fugitive from the hands of the officers," and that the negro himself "resisted the attempt to arrest him in a very unlawful and outrageous manner;" the statement in the *Sun* that the facts as published in the Columbia *Spy* were "nearly the same" as it had given; and the further statement of the Washington *Southern Press* that "the officer, in self-defence, was compelled to slay the prisoner and save his own life by flight, hotly pursued by infuriated enemies," are nothing more nor less than shameless falsehoods, published to mislead the public, and carefully persisted in from the most despicable motives. Not a single Southern paper has published the statement given by the paper published in the place of the occurrence! All they have given is the distorted account of Ridgely and his friends who wish to create in Maryland, and the South generally, a public sentiment which will justify Governor Lowe in refusing to deliver Ridgely up for trial in case he should be demanded by Gov. Bigler. We need not comment upon such knavery. But to look upon it is instructive. It shows the honesty of Southern politicians, who both suppress the truth and coin falsehoods that the North may be misrepresented and that Slave-cathing violators of law may go unwhipt of justice.

The testimony published above verifies our statements of last week. Smith was in the custody of two stout police officers when the larger of the two drew a pistol, and, with an oath, shot him through the neck. There was *no* effort to rescue him; there was *no* riotous demonstration, and there was even *no* effort made to arrest the offender. It does not even appear that the negro bit Ridgely's thumb, although this most miserable pretext is the only justification Ridgely offers for his murderous deed.

Take the occurrence, all in all, we do not believe a more inhuman and more disgraceful outrage than this of shooting in cold blood a helpless prisoner, when in the hands of two athletic officers, was ever perpetrated on the soil of Pennsylvania.

We do not know whether Gov. Bigler has issued a requisition for Rigdely. We do not see how, with even his Slave-catching proclivities, he can avoid this act of justice. Nor can we see what plausible excuse Gov. Lowe would be able to offer for not delivering him up. It may be that Ridgely may be untried and unpunished; but, in that event, it will become interesting for the North to know how long, and with what increased audacity, Southern police men and kidnappers can decoy, hang and murder citizens of the North.

P. S. We learn from Annapolis that both branches of the Maryland Legislature have passed a resolution authorizing Gov. Lowe to appoint one or more Commissioners to collect facts and confer with Gov. Bigler relative to the recent murder in Columbia.—*Lancaster (Pa) Independent Whig.*

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.

DEBATE ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

SACRAMENTO, April 8, 1852.

YESTERDAY afternoon the crisis in the Fugitive Slave bill affair came off in the Senate. You will recollect that Mr. Broderick offered an amendment which would so alter the bill as to render it effective only to the time of the adoption of the constitution, instead of to the admission of California. This amendment was under consideration for three hours yesterday, and the ayes and nays were then called on it. The vote resulted as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Broderick, Cook, Foster, Lott, Ralston, Snyder, Sprague, Walton and Warne—9.

Nays—Messrs. Denven, Estill, Frye, Hubbs, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, Lind, McKibben, Miller, Roach, Robinson, Van Buren and Wambough—15.

Hon. Mr. Ralston then moved that his amendment be rerd. It was to the effect that all after the enacting clause be struck out, and that two sections be inserted, the first prohibiting blacks from living in this State, from holding property or suing in our courts, and the second, providing that every negro or mulatto now in California be required to give bonds in the sum of $1,000 that he shall deport himself in a decent and orderly manner, and never be a charge on the State. These sections, you will see, are beautifully consistent with each other.

The ayes and nays were called and resulted as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Cooke, Lott, Ralston, and Sprague—4.

Nays—Messrs. Broderick, Denver, Estell, Foster, Frye, Hubb, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, Lind, McKibben, Miller, Roach, Robinson, Snyder, Tingley, Van Buren, Walton, Warner and Wambough—20.

So Mr. Ralston's substitute was lost.

The following was a proviso in the bill as it came into the Senate, viz:

Provided the provisions of this section shall not have force and effect after the period of 12 months from the passage of this act, but this limitation shall not operate in cases where a fugitive from labour in the meaning of this section conceals himself or herself from his or her owner and thereby avoids the enforcement of this act or any portion of it.

The latter part of this proviso from the words "but the limitation" through, had previously been stricken out, leaving the bill effective for twelve months only.

Mr. Walton then moved to strike out the twelve months proviso, and the following was the vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Broderick, Cooke, Estell, Foster, Lewis, Lind, Lott, Ralston, Sprague, Walton, Warner, Wambough—12.

Nays—Messrs. Danver, Frye, Hubbs, Keene, Keyser, McKibben, Miller, Roach, Robinson, Snyder, Tingley and Van Buren—12.

Mr. Estell changing his vote before the result was announced.

Mr. Broderick desired to change his vote in order to move a reconsideration. This was a most important amendment, and he wanted every one to vote. He was anxious to send the Sergeant-at-Arms for the Lieut. Governor in order that the casting vote might decide the matter.

The power of the Senate to call upon the Lieut. Governor was questioned. Mr. Broderick instanced a similar case in Congress.

Motion was made to lay the whole subject on the table. The ayes and nays were taken, and resulted in—ayes 11, nays 13.

Mr. Van Buren then moved to adjourn, which was lost.

The discussion on the reconsideration was renewed, and a motion was then made, and carried, to adjourn.

At one o'clock yesterday afternoon, the Senate having previously decided that the provisions of the bill should have effect to the time of the admission of our State, and the question being on striking out the proviso that all slaves if removed at all, must be removed within twelve months, Mr. Broderick arose and moved striking out of the whole fourth section.

Mr. Broderick read from the debates of the constitutional convention, showing that the framers of our State charter were not only of the opinion that the introduction of Slavery would be injurious to the interests of California, but voted unanimously for the provision in the Constitution declaring that it shall not be tolerated. He held that as the fourth section gave power to remove within a year from the passage of the bill all slaves which had been introduced, not only prior to the adoption of the Constitution, but even subsequent to that time, and up to the admission of the State, that the bill in fact tolerated Slavery in this State subsequent to the adoption of the Constitution, and was clearly unconstitutional.

Mr. Van Buren thought the provisions of the bill should reach to the time of our admission. He held that it is the settled policy of a majority of most parties, that any citizen of the north or south may convey his property into any territory of the United States. That the people of that territory cannot deprive those citizens of their right without a law of Congress. That our constitution would not have been binding on our citizens had Congress refused to admit us; and that the mere adoption of our constitution by the people of California, could not, therefore, deprive the south of the right of bringing her slaves here. They could not be deprived of this right until the constitution was ratified by Congress.

Mr. Broderick read from the ordinance of 1787, and from the opinion of Calhoun, showing that when a territory has sufficient population to send a member to Congress, she has a right to organize, and that it is incumbent on Congress to admit her. He claimed therefore, that we were not only *de facto* but *de jure* a State at the adoption of our constitution. That our members had a right to a seat in Congress as soon as they reached Washington, and that they were wrongfully deprived for a time of their clear right. He claimed, therefore, that the operation of the law up to September, 1850, would be unconstitutional.

A hot debate then sprung up between Messrs. Robinson and Broderick, in which abolitionism, chivalry, northern men with southern principles, and other torchwords, were thrown at each other, kindling quite a furious fire. At last the question was called on the motion to strike out, and the vote resulted as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Broderick, Cooke, Foster, Lott, Ralston, Sprague, Walton and Warren.

Nays—Messrs. Denver, Estell, Frye, Hubbs, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, Lind, McKibben, Miller, Roach, Robinson, Snyder, Soule, Tingley, Van Buren and Wambough—17.

So Mr. Broderick's motion was lost.

Mr. Wambough offered a proviso prohibiting the owner from holding his slave in involuntary servitude in this State, or enjoying any benefits or profits arising from his labour during the time in which he has power to remove him from the State. Also that the effect of the law shall cease on the 1st of May, 1853.

After discussion, Mr. Van Buren offered a substitute, providing that every owner shall remove his slave from the State within 90 days after said slave shall be caught.

A long debate ensued.

The question was finally put on the substitute, and resulted as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Broderick, Cooke, Frye, Lind, Snyder, Soule, Sprague, Van Buren and Warner—9.

Nays—Messrs. Denver, Estell, Foster, Hubbs, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, Lott, McKibben, Miller, Ralston, Roach, Robinson, Tingley, Walton and Wambough—16.

So Mr. Van Buren's substitute was lost.

The question then recurred on Mr. Wambough's proviso.

Mr. Van Buren moved to strike out that portion which provided that the effect of the bill shall cease on the 1st of May, 1853, and moved that the act shall not be construed so that the owner can hold his slave in servitude, except for the purpose of taking him away.

The vote was as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Broderick, Cooke, Foster, Frye, Hubbs, Lind, Lott, Scott, McKibben, Miller, Ralston, Roach, Snyder, Soule, Sprague, Tingley, Van Buren and Walton—17.

Nays—Messrs. Denver, Estell, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, Robinson, Warner and Wambough—8.

So Mr. Van Buren's amendment was carried. The vote was then taken on the point whether the proviso, as amended, should be added to the bill, and carried by the same vote. Ayes 17, nays 8.

Here the opponents of the bill, by skilful management, had gained a point. The success of the amendment, however, was only proof positive to an unprejudiced mind that the Senate were determined to adhere strictly to the spirit of the great compromise measures, and fix beyond cavil the avowed intent of the bill.

Mr. Broderick was then ready with another proviso compelling masters to free such slaves as had entered into a contract to come here and work a certain time for their freedom, after their work had been faithfully performed and after the time had elapsed.

Mr. Broderick showed that the black man had no rights here, or next to none, and ably defended his proviso.

Mr. Tingley held that a master cannot make a contract with his slave, any more than he can with his horse, and that a contract cannot be legislated into force which was void at its inception. He was opposed to the proviso.

Mr. Cooke said that though the contract was void in the State where it was formed, yet when the contract was to be executed in another State, where the parties would come under a different set of laws, it would be in force in that State.

Mr. Tingley denied the correctness of this position.

Mr. Soule arose and asked why the Senate were fooling away their time (with a tremendous gesture). If we do not come to a vote within half an hour, I will talk till midnight.

A lengthened debate then ensued nevertheless, in which the lobby, which was full, was edified with dissertations in general on democracy, on revolutions never going back, &c., &c.

The ire and hunger of several grave Senators at length reached such a pitch, that a precipitate descent was made into the external world, and two huge brown paper parcels were borne on to the desk of the Senator from Sacramento, one containing a confused mass of strongly smelling cheese, and the other sundry articles of food of the cracker genus, into which senators, newspaper correspondents, clerks and reporters, pitched indiscriminately. Soon after candles were brought in, and at last the vote was reached on Mr. Broderick's proviso, as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Broderick, Cooke, Foster, Frye, Hubbs, Lott, Ralston, Snyder, Sprague, Walton and Warner—11.

Nays—Messrs. Danver, Estell, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, Lind, McKibben, Miller, Roach, Robinson, Soule, Tingley, Van Buren and Wambough—14.

So the proviso was lost.

Mr. Cooke by this time was ready with another amendment. It was that negroes shall have the same privilege when taken before a court as are allowed to criminals. Rejected by the following vote:

Ayes—Messrs. Broderick, Cooke, Foster, Frye, Hubbs, Lott, Ralston, Sprague, Van Buren, Walton, Warner—11.

Nays—Messrs. Danver, Estell, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, Lind, McKibben, Miller, Roach, Robinson, Snyder, Soule, Tingley and Wambough—14.

Several Senators then sprang to the floor—one with yet another amendment—but Gen. Estell succeeded in getting the floor. His patience had reached its pitch, and he moved that the bill be considered engrossed and read a third time, and moved the previous question.

At this moment the Lieut. Governor's patience was exhausted and he left the chair.

After some little legislative confusion, Judge Ralston (opponent) succeeded in getting before the Senate another proviso, that every black taken shall have the right to assert his freedom and have the subject tried.

On this the vote was tie, and the opponents had another opportunity to delay, which they improved by starting and arguing the question whether the Lieut. Governor, who was in the hall, should not be called to the chair to give the casting vote. At last a motion was made to lay the discussion on the table; and during a subsequent legislative confusion, Mr. Wambough managed to get a preamble before the House, on which a long discussion ensued, and the preamble was at last voted down.

The previous question was again moved, and sustained. On the question whether the bill should be read a third time, the vote was as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Danver, Estell, Hubbs, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, McKibben, Miller, Roach, Robinson, Soule, and Tingley—12.

Nays—Messrs. Broderick, Cooke, Foster, Frye, Lott, Ralston, Snyder, Sprague, Van Buren, Warner and Wambough—11.

The bill was then read a third time, but another discussion was raised. Meanwhile the hour of the evening was rapidly approaching when the Revenue bill became the order of the day, and a few moments more of delay would postpone the bill to some subsequent time. But the previous question was moved and sustained on the passage of the bill; and as the vote was taking on the final passage, the opponents of the bill, with true bull-dog tenacity, managed to start another discussion on a point of order made by Judge Ralston, which interrupted the taking of the ayes and nays: and, after matters became a little confused, some friend of the bill, forgetting the true state of the question, moved the previous question on the final passage again, which this time came very near being lost.

It was, however, sustained; and on the passage of the bill the ayes and nays stood as follows—the friends of the bill having gained one vote during the discussion of four days:

Ayes—Messrs. Danver, Estell, Hubbs, Keene, Keyser, Lewis, McKibben, Miller, Roach, Robinson, Soule, Tingley, Van Buren and Wambough—14.

Nays—Messrs. Broderick, Cooke, Foster, Frye, Lott, Ralston, Snyder, Sprague and Walton—9.

Messrs. Lind and Warner not voting.

LAST MOMENT.—The Assembly have just concurred in the Senate amendments to the Fugitive Slave bill.

Commenting upon this bill before this final passage the *Picayune* said:

"We trust the Senate will not permit any of these bills to become a law. The Fugitive Slave bill can do no good. There are no slaves in the country, to whom its provisions will be applicable. If there be, the compromise measures of the Thirty-first Congress gave all the protection necessary. This bill, with the two others mentioned, can only be viewed as an insiduous attempt to accomplish furtively, what no one dares to do openly—to make this a slave State. Indeed, Mr. Crabb, the member for San Joaquin, one of the principal advocates of these measures, with a manliness worthy of a better cause, openly proclaimed, in some remarks he made upon one of them in the Assembly, that such was his intention."—*Alta Californian.*

WATSON'S CLAIM—HISTORY OF IT.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1852.

WHEN a government or people once swerve from the plain principles of moral and political rectitude and assume a policy at war with humanity, the effects and consequences reach forward to an indefinite period of time. The Florida war with its inhuman murders and revolting piracies is still felt in its consequences by this nation, and Government is still engaged in carrying out a policy opposed to justice, and to the best interests of the people.

The claim of the slave dealer, James C. Watson, of Georgia, was passed upon last week in the House of Representatives.

You may recollect that in October, A. D. 1836, General Jessup entered into a contract with the Creek Nation of Indians, who agreed to furnish six hundred warriors to assist in murdering the Seminoles and capturing slaves. For their services they were to receive pay and rations, and "all the plunder they might capture from the enemy."

This barbarous stipulation would probably have been rejected by any other tribe of savages in our country than the Creeks who are said to be more inhuman than any others. They were fitting instruments of this slaveholding government to be used in that slave hunt.

The Indians were divided and attached to different battallions of our own troops, and these combined forces captured one hundred and three Negroes. By an order from the War Department a register of all slaves was kept, showing the name of the supposed owner of each, together with the name, age and sex of the slave.

There were many slaves captured and their names, ages and sex registered, together with the names of their supposed owners. In the last column of the registry is a note saying that two of them were said to be the property of Col. Gad. Humphrey, and that one other had been purchased from the whites by an Indian. She was represented as seventy years of age, and was the only one shown by the registry as being a Seminole slave. And this registry was the only legal evidence exhibited on the subject. But on this point the sayings of individuals, not under oath, was made to overrule the official registry. The Indians and free Negroes were sent west. About the time they were to start, Watson purchased of the Creeks their claim to all the "Seminole slaves," to whom they were entitled under their contract with Jessup. He failed to get them, however, until they with the Indians were landed in the territory west of Arkansas. Thither he sent his agent with orders from the War Department to all our military officers in that region to assist him in catching the Negroes, provided they could do so without bloodshed. This could not be done, and Watson failing to get his hands upon the Negroes modestly asked Congress to pay him for all slaves he couldn't catch. The claim has been pending some twelve or fifteen years. It had often been before the Committee on Claims. From that Committee it was removed, not one of whom was in favour of its passage, in 1842, and put into the hands of the Committee on Indian Affairs, over whom James Cooper, now Senator from Pennsylvania, at that time presided. This Committee reported in favour of the claim. Subsequently, perhaps in 1845, while Governor Vance, of Ohio, presided in the Committee on Claims, this case of Watson was referred to them, and they reported a bill for his relief.

It came up in the House for consideration, when Mr. Dickey, of Beaver, Pa., spoke against it, and the friends of Watson were content to let it rest among the unfinished business. It again came before the House some three weeks since, and was discussed a part of two days, and finally passed on Friday of last week, by a vote of 79 to 53.

The first question for the members to determine was the signification of the word "plunder," used in the contract. All agreed that horses, cattle, blankets, and hogs were included in the term; but some Northern members appeared to doubt whether it included men, women and children. But a portion of Northern Whigs and Democrats gravely decided that coloured men and coloured women were legitimate plunder.

The following is a list of the Northern members who voted for the bill: Messrs. Appleton, Scudder, Mass., Brooks, Dean, Haws, Schermerhorn, Sutherland, Martin, N. Y.; Hibbard, Peaslee, N. H.; Chandler, Kuhns, McNair, Andrew Parker, Pa.; Stuart, Penniman, Mich.; Taylor, Ohio; Price, N. J.

The next question was whether a Brigadier General had constitutional power to convert prisoners of war into slaves. These Northern Representatives voted that he had.

Then came the question whether such an inhuman and barbarous contract ought to be sanctioned by a Congress of professed Christians, and these Northern men voted in the affirmative.

Then a more embarrassing question arose. What have we to do with this purchase of slaves by Watson from the Creek Indians? To this it was replied that our Commissioner of Indian Affairs *approved* the sale, and *therefore* the nation must make up Watson's loss, and these Northern men so voted.

On looking over the debate I do not find that a single Northern or Southern member expressed the least indignation at being compelled to sit in that hall and legislate upon the price of human flesh. On the contrary most of those who spoke expressed a desire to regard the case as though it were a claim for cattle or swine. No one denied the right of this Government to deal in or to uphold the traffic in mankind. I believe, however, that Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, was the only Northern man who bowed so low as to openly advocate the claim. Some four years since he moved, in the House, a reconsideration of the vote by which the claim of Pacheco for a slave had been rejected, and made a speech in favour of his motion. That case was consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, and this case coming up, he gave full evidence of his unlimited servility by advocating this claim of Watson. In order to use him to the best advantage, the slaveholding Speaker placed him in the Chair at the time when the bill last came up in Committee, and he well performed the infamous task assigned him, by refusing the floor to every Northern member who was supposed to be in favour of freedom and giving it to the friends of the bill. When reported to the House, the previous question was called, and all further debate thus cut off.

I ought to say that Judge Newton, of Ohio, John W. Howe, of Pa., and some others had studied the case thoroughly and were anxious to expose its absurdity, but they were not permitted to speak upon it. I ought also to say that Mr. Sweetzer, of Ohio, opposed the bill manfully, though he had but small opportunity of examining it.

It has yet to undergo the ordeal of the Senate, where there is no previous question, and I trust that Northern men will be heard in that body.

I wish that every labouring man in the free States could be fully informed of the manner in which he is thus compelled to contribute of his hard earnings to make up the loss of this slavedealer.—*Cleveland (Ohio) True Democrat,*

THE AFRICAN RACE.

To the Editor of the Toronto (Canada) Globe.

SIR: At the expense of being charged with illiberality and want of feeling for the woes of humanity, I shall beg to submit for the due reflection of the public a few considerations on a subject, in which, in my humble opinion, a great deal of error is involved, not to use any any harsher term. I allude to the organized encouragement of negroes into this colony—the same negroes for the most part being runaway slaves from the United States. I am aware, Sir, of the irritation which my manner of considering the subject will occasion, but I care not, as I am satisfied that the welfare of this colony is my impelling motive; and, by such motive impelled, I hesitate not to express the opinion, that every argument of a wise policy, would dictate the propriety of not fostering by factitious means an African population in this part of North America. I ground this opinion upon the undeniable fact, in the first place, that there is an antipathy, *physical and moral, between the races*—and that such antipathy, well or ill-grounded, is not to be subdued by the all-subduing process (in all other cases) of time; and in the second place, that this being a country of free institutions, black electors would bring to the subject of politics, with all the deficiencies and prejudices of others, the additional prejudice arising from animosity of race, however unreasonable. I need not point out to what blunders the power of influencing legislation in such hands might lead, or into what difficulties it might be urged; but this I will merely assert, that were it not for the protection of Great Britain, we should at this moment be exposed either to the violation of our territory or an aggressive warfare on the part of the United States, in consequence of the organized seduction of black slaves, by a neighbour with whom that country is at peace. We are bold now in our movement in regard to our powerful neighbour—not bold in self-reliance, but because of the wing of our protecting mother. Let me ask, is it a wholesome population to introduce into this young country? is it a population which, excepting in the colour of their skin, is like in all other respects an European population? I answer in the negative. The finest island in the West Indies (St. Domingo) furnishes this lesson—that 50 years of freedom under the government of blacks, who, by the murder of the white inhabitants, revolutionized the government, and possessed themselves of the Island, has left that island from one of the richest of the West Indies, a comparative desert. When I say freedom, I do not mean social freedom, for the very blacks who upset the French government still maintained Slavery, and the Slave Trade; but I mean national freedom and independence. The island of St. Domingo revolted at the latter end of the last century, with what fruits of prosperity is notorious. The French endeavoured to re-possess themselves of the island, but were prevented by two circumstances—1st, the interference of the British navy, and, 2d, the mortality affecting the expeditionary force landed there under Gen. Le Clerc. The French had great difficulties to contend against, not the lenst of them the antipathies of race; and so formidable an obstacle did the First Consul consider this to the tranquility of the island, that he (Napoleon Bonaparte) actually and seriously proposed to establish polygamy, as a means of confounding all distinctions of colour. A man was to have a white and a black wife, and the aggregate of children would be brought up together as one amiable group.

The Memoirs of Napoleon, by Count Montholon, has the following passage: "The question of the "liberty of the blacks is very complicated and difficult (I am reciting the words of Napoleon). In "Africa and in Asia, it has been resolved, but it has "been so by means of Polygamy. The whites and "the blacks there form parts of the same family. "The head of the family having white and black "wives, and wives of colour, the white and mulatto "children are brothers, are bred in the same cradle, "bear the same name, and eat at the same table. "Would it then be impossible to authorize Polygamy "in our islands, restricting the number of wives to "two, a white one and a black one? The First "Consul had several conferences with Theologians, "to prepare this great measure, &c. &c.; and again "—*The effect of these marriages would be confined to "the Colonies, proper measures would be taken to pre-"vent them from spreading disorder in the bosom of "European society.*"

Now, Sir, judging of the inconvenience of a mixed population by the remedy proposed to obviate it, and allowing some rationality to the person who saw the danger and conceived the remedy, let me refer you to what I have stated as the object of this letter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PLAIN SENSE.

THE COLOURED RACE.

In another column, we give a communication from "Plain sense" on the subject of African immigration. There are several points in our correspondent's letter on which we have a few remarks to make. He objects to the immigration into Canada, of the coloured population of the United States, because, in the first place, there is an "unconquerable antipathy, *physical* and *moral*, existing between the races," a prejudice not to be subdued by the all-subduing process of time. This objection of prejudice has been so often refuted, that we have scarcely patience to argue the question. It might be sufficient, in answer, simply to state—that God has made of *one* blood *all* nations to dwell on all the earth; and that, therefore, differences in regard to colour, position, &c., are the result of adventitious circumstances, and, being created by circumstances, can be removed by the same means. "The white man has no pre-eminence above the black. All original differences between men, so far as the constitution of their nature is concerned, are the result of accidental causes, of climate, of soil, of local peculiarities." Such is the confession of Professor Stuart, who, before his death, gave unmistakeable evidence of his willingness to go as far against the slave as "conscience and the constitution" would allow him. "We repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men," says the distinguished Humboldt. "All are in like degree designed for freedom; a freedom which appertains as a right to the whole body of the community." The truth is, this prejudice is the result of a combination of causes, of which ignorance, pride and selfishness are the chief. It exists not in Great Britain, nor on the European Continent, and has almost entirely disappeared from the West Indies, as is clearly shown by the following sentences, written by gentlemen in whom the very highest confidence may be placed. "In the evening," write Messrs. Thome and Kimball, "we accompanied a friend to the Wesleyan Chapel (in the Island of Antigua). Nearly twelve hundred persons were present. All sat promiscuously in respect of colour. In one pew was a family of whites, next a family of coloured persons, and behind that might be seen, side by side, the ebon hue of the negro, the mixed tint of the mulatto and the unblended white of the Europeans. Thus they sat in crowded contact, seemingly unconscious that they were outraging good taste, violating natural laws, and 'confounding distinctions of Divine appointment!' In whatever direction we turned, there was the same commixture of colours." But this was in Church; how was it in the social circle? "At supper, sat a lady with a skin as lilly hued as the fairest Caucasian, while opposite to her sat a coloured Missionary. Farther down, was the Chairman of the District and another coloured gentleman, and around were several other coloured gentlemen and ladies." In Barbadoes and Jamaica, a similar state of feeling exists. "Prejudice has much diminished since emancipation" in the former island. Of Jamaica, Wm. Wemyss Anderson, Esq., writes thus, a few weeks ago: "The Legislature of the country, the House of Assembly, is composed in part of coloured gentlemen. A large part of the lawyers are coloured, as are also the physicians, leading merchants, and many of the most wealthy men on the island. *They and the whites live together in great friendship and harmony:* man meets man as a brother and an equal, *no matter what his colour.*" Such being the philosophy and such the practical working of the differences of race, we trust that "Plain Sense" himself will see that so far from his first position being an "undeniable fact," it is not a fact at all, but a mere assertion, unwarranted, illiberal and unjust. On this point, we would add that, a few evenings ago, we accidentally witnessed what to us appears one of the most potent illustrations of the absence of any natural antipathy between the white and negro races, that could possibly be given. Two ladies and a little child were walking along the street, and at a door stood a negress, one of the most perfect types of the Ethiopian race. No sooner did the child recognise the dark features of the old woman, as she stood with kerchiefed head protuded from the door, than it ran, with evident tokens of joy, and affectionately embraced her. There, thought we, as we passed on, is unsophisticated, unselfish human nature.

A second argument adduced by "Plain Sense" against the settlement of coloured people in Canada is the danger likely to arise from the evil influences they might exert, on the politics of the country, by the introduction of an "additional prejudice arising from the animosity of race." If we understand our correspondent aright, the same argument might be used against the settlement of the Celt, or Anglo-Saxon, or any other race, each of whom entertains prejudices and peculiarities of opinion different from the other. If identity or similarity of feeling or opinion on any subject were to become a test of admission into a colony, then of course an arrest would at once be put upon that movement of mankind from country to country, and clime to clime, which is the leading feature of the age we live in, and which is destined to prove one of the most powerful means of civilization and improvement in the social, commercial and political relations of the kingdoms of the earth. We do not deny that, in some cases, the negroes might be induced to vote against the friends of freedom. Many of the coloured people in the State of New York vote against Gerrit Smith, who, not long ago, gratuitously distributed to 3,000 coloured men about 150,000 acres of land; and who devotes his time, and talents, and princely fortune to schemes of benevolence and philanthropy. But, instead of allowing this to foster ill will towards them, we should only pity the ignorance and debasement which Slavery has created, and seek to educate, and elevate, and christianize them. They show the greatest aptitude in learning, and will doubtless soon discover what is best for their own interests in the way of politics, as well as for the good of their adopted home. Our correspondent's allusion to our liability to aggression from our powerful neighbours is an unhappy one. He states that we are now bold, while under the wing of our protecting Parent, and think ourselves at liberty to "seduce" their property to cross the lines. We know not what he means by "organized seduction." If he alludes to the "Anti-Slavery Society's" movements, he is quite mistaken. They use no seductive influence. They desire rather that the free negroes should remain in their own land, on the soil bought by their sweat and toil—that they should remain as monuments to the Northerners of the falsity of their boasts about freedom, of the utter prostration of Northern virtue and morality beneath the cotton of the South: that they should remain to lend a helping hand to their poor brethren in chains, and, if need be, to risk life and limb in overturning the damning system with which the very soil is polluted: that they should remain as living witnesses to the false and lying, yet oft repeated, assertion, that they are an inferior race and unfit for freedom. Such is the doctrine of the Anti-Slavery Society, while, at the same time, they rejoice that Canada, the land of the truly free, is so situated as to afford shelter and protection to the poor panting fugitive. And who, that ever breathed the air of liberty, or in whose breast ever glowed one generous emotion, would not glory in being able to give such shelter and protection! But does our correspondent forget that aggressive attempts have been made upon Canada in former days, and that Canada still shines as one of the fairest jewels in Victoria's Crown? But if we were to lose the protection of Britain, to whom, we would ask, could we look with greater confidence, as our best allies, than to these despised blacks. In their breasts still rankles that deadly hate which the despot's crushing heel engendered, and by it, as well as by gratitude to their friends, would their powerful arms be nerved in the day of need. What "Plain Sense," therefore, deems an "undeniable argument" against the settlement of negroes in Canada, will be regarded by many in a very different light.

But a third argument against the desirableness of negroes sett

been their oppressers! This writer tells us that "the revolters, as well as the other negroes instantly joined the French forces, and united with them in endeavouring to expel what they considered a common foe. To the exertions of the negroes they were principally [he might have said altogether] indebted for the expulsion of the English and their continued possession of the island. Throughout the contest there was nothing that indicated a disposition to avenge themselves of their former sufferings; nothing that occurred among them contrary to the firmest attachment to the cause of their late masters, and a zealous perseverance in opposing the enemy. The administration of Toussaint, for its ability, mildness and integrity, they acknowledged, was beyond all praise. The negroes gave every proof of industry, subordination, and content. They diligently cultivated the plantations, submitted cheerfully to all necessary regulations, and, living in freedom, were satisfied and happy." Such was the state of things in 1802, when that faithless villain, Bonaparte, fitted out an expedition to reduce the negroes to Slavery, a second time, regardless of their natural right to liberty, regardless of the guarantee given by the French Commissioners, and recognised and confirmed by the French Government. Could they stand still, and allow themselves to be again enslaved without resistance? Could they again, without a death struggle, consent to taste of the poisonous fruit of that upas tree which had made such havoc and destruction in former days? But to add to the bitter feelings that the treachery of the French must have begotten in the blacks, they were treated as a species of brutes. "The French had recourse to such methods of cruelty and death as would be selected only for the purpose of exterminating a dangerous and destructive race race of animals; to barbarities worse than had ever before stained the annals of any people pretending to the character of civilization. All the male negroes and mulattoes they could lay their hands on, were murdered in the most shocking manner. Five hundred of these unfortunate beings were at one time shot near Cape François, and an equal number were coolly massacred in view of the negro army. Thousands were carried on board the vessels in the harbour, and were either suffocated in the holds or thrown overboard in chains and drowned. At last, these blood-thirsty tyrants had recourse to the dreadful expedient of hunting the unhappy victims of their rage by blood-hounds. These animals pursued them to the mountains, and devoured all they discovered. On Sundays, the principal negroes were dragged to a chosen spot, and, in sight of thousands, were thrown to these terrible animals and torn to pieces."

To this attempt, then, of Bonaparte—an attempt founded in injustice, commenced by treachery, and conducted in this inhuman and devilish manner—is to be attributed the sole cause of that sanguinary conflict which ended in the total extirpation of the French from the soil of St. Domingo. Before glancing at the present condition of Hayti, we would notice a remark in the letter of our correspondent, which betrays a sad lack of candour or knowledge. He says, the "blacks still maintained Slavery and the slave trade." This calumny originated from a measure (very improper, to be sure) adopted by Jean Jacques Dessalines, who had been appointed Governor-General for life, immediately after the formal declaration of independence, in 1804. In treating with a British agent, from Jamaica, Dessalines, among other commercial advantages offered to open his ports to the slave ships, and to allow the people of Jamaica the exclusive privilege of selling negroes in Hayti. "But this was to be for the importation of men only: *and those not for Slavery, but for military service.*" When this was represented to him, as liable to be construed into an encouragement of the slave trade, Dessalines defended it, observing, "that so many men would be brought from Africa, whether he adopted the measure or not; and that instead of doing them any harm, his plan would secure them *from a dreadful Slavery in the English islands, to make them freemen and soldiers.*" Would any candid man say, that because this fierce Governor, who appears to have been well versed in the doctrines of political expediency, committed this highly improper act, therefore the Haytian Government still "maintained Slavery and the slave trade!"

But now for a few facts regarding the present state of the island; and space compels us to be brief. The Journal of a Traveller, published in London, in 1831, contains the following remarks: "In Port au Prince (which had been burnt down a short time prior to his visit), the lots were rebuilt, and many a splendid and substantial edifice, surpassing those to be seen in Kingston (in Jamaica), had arisen, as the first fruits of the security which property enjoyed by the recognised independence of Hayti." Speaking of a settlement a little way out of the town, he says, "when the island was under the control of the whites, this neighbourhood was comparatively neglected, and never cultivated as it is now. At *present*, the country around is covered with *a thousand small settlements*, appropriated to coffee, provisions, fruits, and vegetables. If the traveller returns from the high-road, through one of the woodland paths, he will find himself entering into open grounds, covered with verdant fields; he will see traces everywhere visible of *renewed* cultivation: mansions *re-erected*; aqueducts *reconducting* their streams to irrigate the land; the sound of water-mills at work," &c. Vice-Admiral Fleming states, that "the Haytians appeared to him the happiest, best fed, and most comfortable negroes he had ever seen; better off than even in the Caraccas—infinitely better than in Jamaica. * * They now feed themselves, and they *export provisions*, which neither the French nor the Spaniards had ever done. * * The government was one quite worthy of a civilized people: the negroes all working in the fields."

Mr. Jeremie, President of the Royal Court of St. Lucia, says, that in St. Domingo "is found a happy, flourishing and contented peasantry, engaged in the cultivation of their own small freeholds; acquiring capital and gradually rising:"—*Essays on Colonial Slavery*, p. 63. "The imports into France in 1831, from Hayti, EXCEEDED IN VALUE the imports from Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Portugal, Austria or China"—p. 637.

"Agriculture is now found further advanced than it has ever been. The crop of cotton has been very abundant. Much attention is paid to the raising of cattle."—*Report of General Riche.*

"The highways and roads, public and private, are in good condition."—*Commune of St. Jean.*

In 1835, the value of the exports from Hayti to the U. States was $2,347,550; imports, $1,815,812; surely this is a strange result for a people who *won't work* and for a "desert" land. "This interesting people have shown," says a late writer, "for forty years, that black men can govern themselves, creditably maintain all the relations of civil society among themselves and with other States, and, besides paying a large indemnity to France, place themselves in the enviable position of having 'a happy peasantry, a country's pride,' and having an exchequer clear of debt, which many older States cannot boast. But we must conclude. There are several other points in our correspondent's letter to which, if space permitted, we might have referred—but enough has been said to satisfy any *unprejudiced* mind of the utter weakness of the arguments by which he attempts to support his position. But our correspondent need not fear much from any very large immigration into Canada. The day of redemption to the slaves in the United States is fast approaching. Slavery cannot much longer keep erect its hydra head and bear the unmitigated scorn of the civilized world. Would that the nation could rid itself of this dreadful curse ere the day of fearful retribution arrive! Meanwhile let the friends of humanity act honestly and fearlessly; succumb to no time-serving worldly expediency, but act in the spirit of the maxim—"Fiat Justitia, ruat cœlum."—*The (Toronto, Canada) Globe.*

CASE OF KIDNAPPING OF A BRITISH SUBJECT, AND HIS RETENTION IN SLAVERY FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.—At the Thames police office, one day last week, William Houston complained to the magistrate that he, a free-born British subject, had been sold into Slavery by a sea-captain, with whom he had engaged as a steward for wages. He exhibited his register ticket as a "seaman," No. 548,818, and stated that he was born in Gibraltar in the year 1819, his father a native of San Domingo, and his mother a London woman. About thirteen years ago, when settled in Liverpool, he shipped in the *Broad Oak*, at Liverpool, as steward, for twenty-five dollars per month. The captain's name was Joseph M'Coy. On the arrival of the ship at New-Orleans, the vessel was sold, and the captain took him on shore and sold him to an American, by whom he was taken to a place called Tricupo, in St. Matthew county, where he remained in bondage for five years, when he found means to communicate with a lawyer. His owner, having learned that measures were about to be adopted for his liberation, put him in irons, and sent him back to New Orleans, when his owner's cousin, a surgeon, Charles Le Blond, took charge of him, and sold him for a good price to one Henry Boardman, an American, who kept a kind of public-house in New Orleans, but did not keep him long in consequence of his threatening to appeal to the British consul. He was next bartered to Henry Lynch, an Irishman, who let him out on hire to a Captain Willis, by whom he was engaged to serve as a drummer in the American army, under General Taylor. He remained with the army for two years, was engaged in the war with the Mexicans, and received a sabre wound on the head at the battle of Monterey, and was wounded in the right leg by a shot at the engagement of Buena Vista. He was laid up in the hospital at Tampico for seven months, and on his return to New Orleans cured of his wounds, the marks of which were still visible, was sold to John Rustno, a boardinghouse-keeper, who would not detain him as his slave on discovering that he was free-born and a British subject, but put him in gaol, and sued Lynch, the Irishman, for the purchase-money. After remaining in prison for twelve months, the sheriff of the place took him out and conveyed him to another prison, where he remained two months, and then, in accordance with the laws of the State, he was sold again to another Irishman named Gardner, of St. Charles-street, New-Orleans, and the purchase-money was appropriated towards the expenses of his maintenance in gaol. He again claimed his privilege as a British subject, and Gardner sold him to a lawyer named John Howard, of Baker-street, New Orleans, to whom he also communicated that he was a British subject. Howard did not keep him long, and disposed of him to Mr. Barber, a Scotchman, of Natchez. He was only with Mr Barber one hour, when he was again sold to a Mr. Lapiere, and he informed him that he was a free born man from England, and asked him when he was going out of town. Mr. Lapiere replied, at five o'clock in the evening, and he requested his name and address, and an order to get his clothes from John Howard, Mr. Lapiere gave him his name and address, and the order, with which he immediately posted off to Mr. Mayhew, the British consul. Mr. Mayhew questioned him upon his adventures, and put the case into the hands of a lawyer, who took him before a judge, and he made oath that he was a British subject. After that was done, the British consul said he must again remain in gaol till the business was settled, and he was consigned to the hands of Sheriff Lewis, who kept him in goal for one year and three months acting as cook and whitewasher. Fearing that the consul had forgotten him, he wrote to him again, and in less than half an hour after its delivery, the consul came to him and asked him if he was ready to go home to Europe that night; to which he replied in the affirmative. He was immediately put on board the ship *Ann Doherty*, bound to Liverpool, where he arrived on the 1st of January last. He left Liverpool towards the end of last week, and walked up to London, where he arrived on Tuesday night, in the hopes of obtaining redress. The magistrate, having elicited from the complainant that the captain who had thus wronged him was not in his jurisdiction, and that complainant had no idea where he was, could give him no redress.—(*London*) *A. S. Reporter.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1852.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION, always the most spirited and interesting Anti-Slavery Anniversary of the year, is in session, this week, at Boston, commencing on Tuesday morning in the Melodeon. The official notice of the time and place of the meeting was accidentally omitted, last week, in this paper; but all who intended to be present at it, we presume, would inform themselves from the previous notice, or from other papers, of its commencement on Tuesday, the 25th. We hope to lay the report before our readers next week.

MR. BOWDITCH'S REPLY TO DR. PEABODY.—The Anti-Slavery public are under obligations to the *Christian Examiner*, and to Dr. Peabody, for that gentleman's Essay upon the Slavery question, inasmuch as it has called forth the admirable review of Mr. Bowditch. Our only regret in regard to it is that the Reply has not come before directly the same audience that had listened to the Essay; but we sincerely hope that a far wider circulation may be given to the former than has yet been permitted to either, by the republication of that in pamphlet form. Mr. Bowditch has carefully followed the article he reviews step by step, has skilfully unwoven all its sophistries, has patiently supplied all the facts necessary to correct its false conclusions; and with such facts, and figures, and arguments, that can neither be gainsaid or disregarded, must compel every candid mind to admit not merely that his view is right and unanswerable, and that Dr. Peabody's is wrong and completely answered, but that this gentleman has undertaken by special pleading to impede the progress of a great, and humane, and Christian enterprise, or else has consented to use the influence of his talents, and his name, and that of a respectable and widely circulated journal, without having been careful to inform himself of the true bearing of the subject in hand, to divest his mind of all prejudice and foregone conclusions, and to seek, on so momentous a question, truth and truth only. Nor is the manner and the spirit with which Mr. Bowditch has undertaken and performed his task, less admirable than the completeness with which it is finished. We doubt if, on this point, even Dr. Peabody himself will feel that he has the least cause of complaint.

A return to first principles is always the wisest, as well as the most expedient, course for those to follow who are engaged in any great moral reform. In the heat of the contest Abolitionists do not always remember this, but permit themselves to be drawn away from the question at issue by others that may indeed have a bearing upon it, but which nevertheless are not it. It is a triumph to the enemy when he is able to turn the attention of the Anti-Slavery advocate away from the main citadel to an unimportant out-post; a greater triumph if he can pursuade the besieger that it is the outpost which it behooves him to take, and not the citadel itself. He is wise who is not so misled, but who drives his enemy back from the ramparts, to the very foot of his flag-staff, and compels him there to do battle for the banner which floats over him. It is for this reason that this, as well as other publications, of Mr. Bowditch, please us. They discuss the question of Slavery, and not the hundred other questions which the friends of Slavery would rather we would discuss. They answer for the thousandth time, but with new arguments and new facts, the thousand questions which the opponents of Emancipation always have asked, on the main question, and always will ask, and which must always be answered, by line upon line and precept upon precept, till the work is finished. It is this patient, laborious spirit which will conquer at last; and without it, we never shall conquer.

THE PRESIDENCY.

THE Democratic Convention for the nomination of a Candidate for the Presidency is to be held at Baltimore on Tuesday next. We do not intend to prophecy of the result, for that is darkly hidden in the unfathomable bosom of the American genius of Accident. Yet it would not be just to the party to say it is not governed by any principle. It is by one, and the victory will be to him who can show the most bottom in the race for catching men. Other principle it has none, and on this alone will the nomination depend. The Candidate, whoever he may be, we may rely upon it, will be great in a slave-hunt, though he may be in every other respect—as in this—the smallest, the most despicable, the meanest of human bipeds.

The difficulty of conjecture as to the result is insurmountable, because in this only important attribute the candidates for the nomination are so equally matched. How equally a southern jockey has taken the pains to reveal by trotting out those who have entered for the start.

One Robert G. Scott of Richmond, Va., has addressed the following letter to a number of these aspirants:

RICHMOND, Va., May 17, 1852.

A short fortnight will scarcely elapse before the convention of delegates of the democratic party, from every State in the Union, will assemble at Baltimore to nominate two of our most worthy and distinguished statesmen to be voted for as President and Vice President of the nation. Your name has been associated with the proposed nomination, and will, most probably, be presented to the convention, as it already has been to the country, for its favour and support. Marked as has been your past political life, by a fearless frankness and a devotion to the great principles of the democratic party, I take leave to inquire of you—if you should be nominated by the convention, and elected to the Presidency by the people—in your administration of the goverment, will you sustain and, by every means in your power enforce and have executed, in all their parts, the various acts of Congress constituting what is known as the Compromise, and especially the enactments of that law relating to the recapture by their owners of fugitive slaves? And again, whether, should you be elected President of the United States, you would discountenance, by every proper means, all attempts to disturb or change the provisions of that law, whereby those provisions might be made less effectual for securing to the people of the South their constitutional rights in the possession and enjoyment of their slave property? and should, unfortunately, a bill be passed by Congress, modifying or changing the law referred to so as to impair its present valuable enactments would you, as President of the Republic, veto any such bill? It is due to candour to inform you that a reply to this is desired before the meeting of the Baltimore Convention, and, when received, is intended for publication, and that a copy of this will be sent to every other gentleman whose name has been mentioned in connection with the nomination.

ROBT. G. SCOTT.

A synopsis of the replies received are given in a Telegraphic Despatch to the *Herald*, from Washington, and Mr. Scott will have the proud reflection that if he has thrown any embarrassment upon the Convention, it is an embaarassment of a wealth of virtue in its candidates. The *Herald's* correspondent says:

To the above, Gen. Houston replied, under date of the 21st inst., that he voted for all the measures embraced in the Compromise bill, severally, and he has since seen no cause to change his views. He declares that he would not hesitate to veto any bill impairing the law for the protection of the constitutional rights which guarantee to the people of the South the possession and enjoyment of their slave property.

Gen. Cass writes to-day, declaring his acquiescence in all the Compromise measures. He expresses the opinion that it would be the duty of a President to veto any bill that weakened or impaired the fulfilment of the constitutional obligation to deliver up fugitive slaves, as enforced by the Fugitive Slave Law. He declares the sacrifices of individual opinion, in opposition to any of the Compromise measures, to be a duty every good citizen owes his country and the preservation of the Union.

Judge Douglass also writes to-day. He adverts to his past public career, as showing his opinions as to the Compromise measures, and says his views have undergone no change. He does not hesitate to state expressly, that it is the duty of every true American to oppose the repeal or modification of the Fugitive Slave Law, that would impair the fulfilment of the constitutional obligation on that subject. Yet he would not yield the patronage of the Government to influence the Legislature on that or any other subject.

Col. W R. King, of Alabama, writes that he acquiesces in the Compromise. He regards the Fugitive Slave Law not in the light of ordinary legislation, but that it is to carry out a constitutional guarantee, and the President ought to negative any act the effect of which would be to weaken or impair its efficiency.

Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, has replied that he acquiesces in all the Compromise measures; but that he is not a candidate for the Presidency, having long since expressed a preference for a distinguished statesman, (Gen. Cass). He considers it the duty of the President to veto any measure, which in any way would impair the efficiency of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Gen. Rusk has replied, by taking the same decided stand with the foregoing, but disclaims any aspirations for the Presidency. He avows his preference for General Houston over all others.

A HOME-THRUST.—In a debate, a few days ago, in Congress, on the Territory of Utah, Mr. Carter, of Ohio said that Governor Young and the Mormons had acted contrary to all the rules of decency, and had trampled our flag under foot, and abused the General Government in most vulgar terms. This is what the Administration calls absenteeism. He then defended the Judges for leaving that Territory.

Mr. Richardson remarked that the Judges could not remain there consistently with their own self-respect.

Mr. Carter resumed, saying that Brigham Young, in broad daylight, acts against common decency. This man is retained as Governor, while the federal officers who went there to execute the laws are driven away.

Mr. Giddings said—If I understand my colleage, he objects to the morality of the Governor, and the plurality of wives. Now if my colleague had looked into a leading journal of this city within the last few days, he would have seen an advertisement of an accomplished and handsome ladies' maid, to be sold for money. To that my colleague takes no exception.

Mr. Carter to Mr. Giddings—I did not see the publication.

Mr. Giddings resumed.—He thought it was not proper at this time to investigate the morality or immorality of these distant people. He knew what they were formerly, and while he might agree with his colleague as to the bad morals of the Mormons, it is well known that there are things here far transcending those in Utah, and which are permitted under our own eyes and by our own authority.

Women here are raised purposely for market, and he protested that while these things existed it was wrong to go to Utah to correct evils there. We ought, considering that the Mormons have been driven out of the States, to try to reconcile them to our Government, and make them good citizens by treating them with kindness and forbearance. He dissented entirely from the recommendation of his colleague to send a military force there.

—The journal referred to by Mr. Giddings is the *National Intelligencer*, and the advertisement one of a kind common in the Southern papers. There is no more damnable or undeniable fact connected with Southern Slavery than that the wretched Quadroon women, who are nearly white, and of great beauty, are openly bought and sold as mistresses. The system of plurality of wives which obtains among the Mormons of Utah is, compared to the universal concubinage prevailing among slaveholders, most immaculate and praiseworthy virtue. The rebuke of Mr. Giddings was just, well-timed, and unanswerable.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW has, contrary to the expectations of both its friends and its foes, become the law of Massachusetts. For an account of the perils that beset it—how near it came to being lost by a veto of the Governor—how its opponents endeavoured to circumvent that functionary, and how completely he circumvented them—we refer the reader to the letter of our Boston Correspondent.

☞ We are agdin indebted to Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, of the United States Senate, for several publications made by Congress; and to Hon. O. FOWLER, and Hon. C. DURKEE, of the House, for similar favours.

COLOURED IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.—A family, consisting of a husband, with his wife and three children, arrived here about ten days ago from Virginia, and the wife has since given birth to two more "fine boys" on British soil. This is what we call propagating the family of freemen. In addition to this we have had quite an accession of refugees to our number during the past two weeks, and several families of free coloured persons from the State of Indiana, who brought with them good waggons, teams and money with which to purchase farms.

We are happy to be able to say that the prospects for the moral, social, pecuniary and political advancement of the coloured population in Canada, were never half so bright as they appear now. The cause of temperance is spreading far and wide, and the commission of crime is seldom seen among this class here; and almost every man, who is not a landholder, is striving to become one.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

——GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—A writer in *The Tribune*, discoursing of the merits of the Rev. Albert Barnes, says:

"Mr. Barnes is a very fine illustration of the power of hard usage to develop the most sterling qualities into their greatest maturity. Had his little volume on the Epistle to the Romans been left unnoticed by the Ecclesiastical Courts to which he was amenable, he would still have been a distinguished man, but not so great a man as he now is with his strength increased by a severe wrestle with his sturdy opponents. His trials for heresy before his Presbytery and Synod, and lastly before the General Assembly, were blessed events for his fame, for which he has reason to thank his opponents."

This is true in general, but a small mistake in the illustration. Mr. Barnes was first assailed for heresy when a young and obscure preacher, at Morristown, (N. J.) when he delivered a discourse called "The Plan of Salvation," which gave offence to orthodoxy.—*Evening Post.*

——FREDERICK DOUGLASS states in his paper, that while proceeding from Cleveland to Buffalo, on a steamboat, one of the employées of the boat undertook to turn him from the supper-table, but was commanded to desist by a stranger, who proclaimed that he was a "Southerner," and secured the "coloured orator" from further annoyance. He subsequently ascertained that the stranger was Mr. Marshal, member of Congress from California.

REPLY TO DR. PEABODY.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH..... NO. VIII.

The Dissolution of the Union.

"The only sense in which we can say, without absurdity, that we will have no union with slaveholders, or with any other class of sinners at the North or the South, is this—that we will not take any part in their sin, nor encourage, nor countenance it; and this the Christian may and should always say."—*Rev. Dr. Geo. Putnam.*

"Not by combining together, to protect injustice and cruelty, and making a common capital of sin, is this Union to be saved; but by repentance, justice and mercy: for, not surer is the eternal law by which the millstone sinks into the ocean, than that stronger law by which injustice and cruelty shall bring on nations the wrath of Almighty God."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

THE dissolution of the Union! A sentence of fearful import to most—the simple statement of a plain duty to many! To those who believe that we are now testing the capacity of man for self-government—to the conservative class, the self-called sober, practical men, those who, being well enough off themselves in this world's goods, act upon the maxim of letting well enough alone—to those who seek the attainment of wealth, social influence or the gratification of their ambition, to these, and such persons, the idea of Disunion is so repugnant that the most copious vocabulary fails to furnish an adequate supply of epithets of contempt for the folly, and of indignation for the wickedness, of those who advocate the doctrine.

Dr. Peabody says:

Foremost among the questions of the day is that which relates to the preservation of the Union. Of its importance to the general welfare, North and South, so far as the whites are concerned, there never has been a question, except among those who have had other objects in view than the prosperity of the whole country. There has doubtless been much diversity of opinion respecting the bearing of particular measures on the perpetuity of our institutions; and the long enjoyment of domestic peace may have made us comparatively insensible to its value, and to the conditions through which alone it can be preserved. There are those, too, who, in a blind devotion to some single end or interest, are ready to sacrifice all rights and interests, unless they can attain the single object at which they aim. But it is an instructive fact that, with these exceptions, of all those men who have most adorned our history, and who, by common consent, have been placed in the first rank as men of clear, far-seeing wisdom, however much they may have differed on other points, there is not one who has not regarded the preservation of the Union as the absolute and fundamental condition not only of our general welfare as a people, but of preserving the most important rights which our institutions now secure to us. Nor do we suppose that the most emphatic words of Washington, and the most impassioned declarations and earnest warnings of the wisest men since his time, go beyond the calmest truth. It is difficult to see what could be gained by disunion in regard to any interest or any right, but quite easy to foresee the certainty of immeasurable loss. It would be like breaking up a noble ship, which, whatever its imperfections, still bears those on board safely across the seas, in order that the dismembered and scattered crew might find greater safety and independence on the loose rafts constructed out of the fragments.

Doubtless the Constitution *does* advance the *material* interests of the country, but there are other, and far higher, purposes for which it professes to have been designed, and which it has failed to accomplish. According to the Preamble, its object, among other things, was to form a more perfect union than existed under the confederation—to establish justice—to ensure domestic tranquillity, and to secure the blessing of liberty to us and our posterity. Now, if the Constitution *really* accomplishes these, the higher objects for which it was formed, if it really forms a more *perfect* union between the States than existed under the Articles of Confederation—if it really establishes justice, insures domestic tranquillity, and secures the blessings of liberty to us and our children, then, as the blessings of justice, tranquillity and liberty are all obvious to the meanest capacity, the blessing of the Union must be equally obvious, and universally admitted. But so long as it is found necessary for our wisest and most eloquent men to have recourse to their most impassioned declarations, and earnest warnings, not once or twice, or a few times, and in a few places only, but repeated over and over again, in many different places, until our very souls are wearied out with their tediousness, and the "calmest truth" actually palls, in order to be able to prove to us that the Union *does* bless us in these particulars, we confess that we think we have a right to entertain serious misgivings about the value of the Union.

It is true that the Constitution creates a *stronger* Union than the Articles of Confederation did, but the latter gave no support to Slavery, whilst the former, as we have seen, materially supports it. Our present Union is less *just*, and therefore less *perfect*, than that existing prior to 1787. Wherein does the National Constitution "establish justice" in Massachusetts? So far as personal rights are concerned, we owe all the justice we have to our State Constitution, and State laws. Where these are powerless, injustice is established. It is the *National* Constitution and laws which recognise and protects Slavery on our soil—which tramples under foot the right of trial by jury, which values the liberty of a black citizen less than it does the clothes he wears, the watch in his pocket, or the horse he rides. The national law establishes justice in South Carolina and Mississippi, where the *majority* of the inhabitants are slaves, and deprived of every right before the law. It secures the domestic tranquillity of the despots of South Carolina and Mississippi; but when has the power of the Union been necessary to secure peace in Massachusetts? *Our* guarantee for domestic tranquillity is justice, established and supported by *State* laws, not as in South Carolina and Mississippi, the slaveholders' whips, supported by the power of the Union! With all possible humility, the sovereign State of Massachusetts asked the State of South Carolina for leave to bring a suit in *our own* courts, to test the constitutionality of a law of the latter State, by which some of our citizens had been sold into hopeless Slavery. On our very knees, as it were, we supplicated for *permission* to avail ourselves of a *right* guaranteed to us by the National Constitution, and the only result was the dismissal of our agent with threats and contumely, and the passage of a State law making any similar attempt criminal! And the General Government, which was formed for the express purpose of securing to our citizens their liberty, and whose constitutional *duty* it was to take all the steps necessary thus to secure it, and to vindicate the supremacy of its own courts and laws, was as a dumb dog under the rod of its master!

Still, notwithstanding these and many similar flagrant failures to accomplish the highest objects of its formation, we shall admit, for the sake of the argument, the immense importance to the whites of the preservation of the Union. Free trade between the States, Internal peace, even of the qualified kind that exists, and External peace, are all blessings which every body admits, and they are all secured, to a greater or less extent, by the present Constitution. Peace and free trade cannot fail to civilize us and advance us in various ways; but the most obvious, tangible and immediate effect, and the one for which they are chiefly valued by the community, is material prosperity. So far as our experience goes, far the larger part of those who have been and are so anxious for the preservation of the Union, feel that their material interests, or the gratification of their ambition, depends on its preservation. They may call themselves Union Safety Committees, or any other name they please—nay, in order to save the Union, they may be willing to perform the "disagreeable duty" of giving to a lawyer of the highest eminence $500, in order, through his professional skill, and wickedness, to prevent the escape of one miserable fellow-being from the clutch of his oppressor; but it was their *trade*, and not the Union, which they hoped thereby to save. It was *not* any love of the Union—it was *not*, as Dr. P. says, a question of "principles which lie at the foundation of society"—which induced the fifteen hundred merchants of Boston (most respectable and wealthy, as Marshal Tukey described them to be) to offer their aid in carrying back Thomas Sims to Slavery; but it was a base and ignoble love of money and prosperity which induced them thus to degrade themselves. They feared the loss of Southern custom; and, if rumour be true, they have reaped a sure reward. They have sold their principles and kept their silks. If the Union caused Northern shipping to rot at the wharves, if it frustrated Northern industry, we should hear nothing more of any absolute necessity for its continuance. The very men who are now loudest in singing its praises would then vie with each other in heaping maledictions upon it. We will not, however, discuss this point any further. We are willing, as we have said, for the sake of the argument, to admit the importance of its existence to the welfare of the whites. The question yet remains—What right have we to secure our own interests, however great, by crushing others?

But Dr P. thinks the Union even more important to the blacks than to ourselves He says:

There are those who seem to think that a dissolution of the Union would, in some undefined and inexplicable way, redound to the advantage of the blacks. We do not understand on what such an expectation can be founded. So far from it, of the 23,000,000 of people within our borders, there are none to whom the Union is more important, none to whom disunion would be more instantly and hopelessly disastrous, than the slave population at the South. Hard as the fate of the negro now is, it would then be hopeless. Were the Union dissolved, the immediate consequence would be, that, at the South, all thought of the abolition of Slavery, except through insurrection, would be at an end Were the slaves emancipated, they must still remain where they are; for the resources of the South would be insufficient to remove them, while the Northern States, some of which even now refuse to admit free blacks within their limits, would lend no aid. In large districts of country, the liberated slaves would outnumber the whites. Colour, race, the traditional sentiments and customs on both sides, would keep them apart, and create a feeling of jealous antagonism. The inevitable results of such a state would be deplorable enough; a probable result would be the gradual deterioration, as in Mexico and South America, of both blacks and whites; while a not improbable one would be a war of races, followed by extermination, or expulsion from the soil, or the enslavement of the weaker by the stronger party; and calamitous as this must be to all, the blacks could hardly fail to be the chief victims. With such prospects before them, those Southern men who now look forward to emancipation as a kind of millennium, would, in case of disunion, become the strenuous supporters of Slavery. For the protection of the whites, and to prevent the escape of slaves, the slave laws would become more rigorous. The free blacks would be looked upon with ever-increasing distrust, and liberty to them would cease to be a boon. All the interests of the South, like a ship wedged inextricably in one of the drifting floes of Arctic ice, would be inseparably bound in with Slavery. In this struggle of life and death, the fears of the white, far more than the law can do, would prevent his giving the black any instruction which tended to develop his rational powers. Slavery demands space, and nothing would hinder the South from extending the territory of Slavery further into Mexico, or from annexing to its narrowed empire the island of Cuba Those many helps and restraints which arise out of the connection of North and South, and which accrue to the advantage of the slave, would be gone, and the two races, with all their implacable jealousies, would be enclosed together in an arena from which escape would be hopeless (Slav. in U. S. p. 32-33).

What are these "many helps and restraints which arise out of the connection of North and South, and which accrue to the advantage of the slave?" Can Congress abolish Slavery in the States? No! Can it pass laws obliging masters to treat their slaves humanely—to refrain from separating families, or husband from wife? No! Dr. P. says "the slave laws of the South are as far beyond our control as the English Corn Laws." Indeed, he adopted, as the very fundamental principle of his whole essay, the idea that "the right to legislate in regard to Slavery belongs *exclusively* to the individual States in which that institution exists. Each State has the right to abolish Slavery within its own borders, and no other State is permitted to interfere with its action. The General Government may, *at most*, admit it into, or exclude it from, the Territories of the Union, though, even in regard to the right of exercising this power, there is not universal agreement. But its authority *certainly ceases* when the Territories become States. This single consideration, without reference to any thing else, shows that the direct power, both of the General Government and of the Free States, over Slavery is confined within very narrow limits. Instead of the several States deriving from the Union authority to interfere with one another's domestic institutions, the organic law by which they are united *excludes them* from such interference."

If the organic law which connects the North and South not only gives us no power over Slavery in the States, but actually deprives us of *all* power to interfere in the matter—if we have no power under the Constitution—how can the abrogation of the present Constitution deprive us of any power?

But, as we have seen, the North is *not* thus powerless. We may abolish Slavery in the Territories and District of Columbia, and, by so doing, set free 3,687 slaves—only about one fortnight's increase of the slave population, and about one eight hundred and sixtieth part of the present number of slaves! We may abolish the inter-State slave trade. But the abolition of the slave trade is one thing, and the abolition of Slavery quite another. We abolished the foreign slave trade forty years ago. Even now we prohibit the introduction of slaves into the District of Columbia for purposes of sale, but there is no hope that Slavery will die out in consequence. Some of the Southern States have done the same, not with the remotest idea of injuring the institution of Slavery, but rather of benefiting it, by preventing the influx of slaves who have lived near a free State, or who are likely to have other "vices of character." What else *can* we do to help the slave? Can we buy up the slaves and thus free them? If we have the right to do this, which may be doubtful, Dr. P. thinks there is no hope that the General Government will ever assume the burden of this sacrifice. The *only* other way in which we can by any possibility help the slaves is to aid the Colonisation scheme; and the very reason why Dr. P. says the destruction of the Union will be "instantly and hopelessly disastrous for the slaves," is that it will destroy all hope of the success of colonisation! In case of disunion, the emancipated slaves would have to "remain where they are;" the South could not, and the North would not, aid in removing them, and the results would be, says, Dr. P., antagonism between the races, the gradual deterioration of both, and not improbably a war of races, in which the blacks would be re-enslaved or exterminated Such is the *only* reason which Dr. P. can point out why disunion would destroy all hope of peaceful emancipation! But, admitting our constitutional right to aid in colonising the black population, inasmuch as the Colonisation scheme is, as we have seen, fatal to the cause of freedom, whatever destroys this scheme must *favour* emancipation. If, therefore, the dissolution of the Union will destroy Colonisation, it must promote the cause of freedom. In other words, the very reason which Dr. P. elaborates with so much care, to convince us of the vital necessity, to the slaves, of the preservation of the Union, is, on the contrary, one of the strongest arguments in favour of its dissolution. On his own showing, the Dissolution of the Union cannot fail to destroy one of the most serious obstacles in the way of emancipation.

Dr. P. says that, in case of disunion, "all thought of the abolition of Slavery, except through insurrection, would be at an end." How happens it, then, that plans of emancipation were not only thought of, but carried out before the Union was formed? Did Washington and Jefferson rely on the aid of the Union to enable Virginia to carry out a plan of emancipation? No! They and others thought of a peaceful abolition of Slavery in Virginia almost before our Independence was secured. If peaceful emancipation was planned *before* the Union existed, it can be carried out after the Union is dissolved.

It almost seems a waste of effort to add anything to what we have already said about the supposed effects of not removing the blacks—the jealous antagonism of races—the dreadful process of amalgamation, by which both races are to be deteriorated, and that still more dreadful war of races, in which the blacks will be re-enslaved or exterminated. Still, however, we would ask, Have these, or any of these, results followed emancipation in the British West Indies? In Jamaica, the coloured population outnumbered the whites, in the proportion of 24 to 1. In Antigua, the slaves alone were as 15 to 1. Have "colour, race, the traditional sentiments and customs on both sides" sufficed to keep the races apart in Jamaica and Antigua, or create such a feeling of jealous antagonism as Dr. P. says would be created at the South? No! Even he admits that in Jamaica, the importance attached to complexion has *diminished.*

Intermarriages between the white and coloured people are frequent; and where there is equality in other respects, although very much of the ancient prejudice in favour of the whites may remain, no social distinctions, based exclusively on colour, are recognised. Coloured people are received at the Governor's house and invited to his table. The wife of the Mayor of Kingston, at the time of Mr. Bigelow's visit, and the wife of the Receiver-General, were of African descent (ib. p. 28).

The black population of the South will not for centuries, perhaps never, outnumber the whites in the same proportion as the coloured people of Jamaica do. The colour, race, the traditional sentiments and customs of both races, are the same here as in Jamaica. Why, then, may not the same state of things result from emancipation here as has already resulted from it in Jamaica? Why is it necessary that here a jealous antagonism should exist between the races, when nothing of the kind is to be found in Jamaica? We can think of no reason whatever.

But a war of races will ensue—followed by the extermination expulsion, or re-enslavement of the blacks! What likelihood is there of such results following a peaceful emancipation with the consent of the masters? None whatever! Are any such fears entertained in the West Indies? Why should the white planters of South Carolina wish to exterminate or expel their freed slaves? Will they exterminate or expel the *only* persons who are able to prevent South Carolina from becoming a desert waste? The idea is singularly preposterous! And what chance is there that the same men who have once voluntarily enfranchised their bondmen, either from motives of duty or self-interest, will re-enslave them again? No persons in the West Indies more unhesitatingly condemn any return to Slavery than those who resisted its abolition inch by inch.

There is, therefore, no reason to think that Southern emancipationists "would in case of disunion become the strenuous supporters of Slavery." Not only would they have as influential reasons of duty and interest to lead them to favour emancipation then as any which they now have, but they cannot fail to have even stronger reasons to induce them to free their slaves after the dissolution of the Union than they now have.

As matters now stand, the Constitution not only denies us the power to abolish Slavery, or to materially weaken it, but it obliges us, as we have seen, to give the system material support. We have no constitutional right to help the slave, but we are under a constitutional obligation to help the slaveholder! We have no constitutional right to restrain the slaveholder in his course of tyranny, but we are under the most solemn constitutional obligations to restrain the slaves from tasting the blessings of liberty! We cannot help the slave, but *must* help the slaveholder! We cannot restrain the slaveholder, but *must* the slave! And will the dissolution of such a compact as this be instantly and hopelessly disastrous to the slaves? If the fate of the negro is hard now, when we offer the South a bounty on slaveholding, and pledge ourselves to suppress slave insurrections, and return fugitive slaves, will his fate be hopeless, merely because we withdraw this bounty, and refuse all aid in keeping the slave in his fetters? No! Now the national power relieves the South of all fear

ought not, and, God helping us, will not, unite with others in holding slaves.

We are disunionists in this and this only: that, rejecting all thought of overthrowing the Union by violence, as wrong and unwise, we refuse to obey its pro Slavery requirements, and counsel others to do the same, and submit peacefully to the legal and social penalty for our disobedience. We will not voluntarily support a bounty on slaveholding—or promise to support it—even to possess the highest or the richest office in the right of the people. For the President must order out and command the troops which march to suppress slave insurrections—and the simple Justice of the Peace cannot receive his petty fee of seventeen cents for taking the acknowledgement of a deed until he has called God to witness that he will support the return of fugitive slaves! Our war is, as Calhoun said, with the character of slaveholders. We seek, in every just way, to make slaveholding disreputable. We are endeavouring to annihilate every support of Slavery, political, religious, and social, by the power of spoken and written truth *alone*. This is our only weapon, and we are satisfied of its efficiency. There are doubtless many other sincere lovers of liberty who *can* conscientiously act under the Constitution, some of whom are seeking to wield its supposed powers against Slavery, and others are seeking to amend it, so that it shall no longer support Slavery, or so that it may give us the power to abolish the evil. We shall be exceedingly rejoiced if these persons can accomplish any good result by their exertions, and, so far as we conscientiously can, we will and do aid them in their work. But with our views of the true meaning of the Constitution (which is that most generally received as true), we cannot support its Slavery provisions for *any* time, nor for *any* purpose; not even that we may apparently gain power to use against Slavery. We may *seem* to gain power by an unconscientious act, but we really lose it all, for conscience makes cowards of us all.

Dr. P. concludes his essay by some remarks on the importance of protection to personal rights and of loyalty to law.

There are two sentiments absolutely essential to the healthy existence of a republic; that of a vigilant sensibility to personal rights, and that of loyalty to law. Free institutions grow out of a prevailing sense of the value and sacredness of personal rights. We need to have fostered among us a perpetual watchfulness in regard to the rights of the individual, and a jealousy of all encroachment upon them. On the other hand, without loyalty to law, which is the guardian of all the rights of all, and the protection of the weak against the strong, we are remanded back to a barbarism in which the individual loses all those personal rights which he cannot maintain with his own hand. These two sentiments are to each other as a body and soul, which cannot exist on earth except united. A sensitive regard to personal rights without loyalty to law, would turn a republic into an anarchy; and reverence for law, unbalanced by this regard for the freedom and rights of the individual, would become a mere tame, obsequious submission to the chance despotism of the hour (Ib. p. 34-35).

This is all very well so long as law protects personal rights, but what becomes of the theory when personal rights are struck down by the law? Are we to foster "among us a perpetual watchfulness in regard to the rights of the" slave, and at the same time be loyal to the fugitive slave law of 1850? How we are to compass both objects we cannot see, and Dr. P. does not explain. He hardly seems to know which scale should kick the beam. He says:

We hardly know which we should most dread—insensibility to the worth of individual freedom, or insensibility to the importance of maintaining law. In either case, free institutions would be at an end, and society relapse into barbarism, or sink into that worse than savage state which follows a worn out civilization. But where men—who are not more individuals than social beings—seek freedom in union, and through that union which exists by means of law, and where those sentiments prevail which make freedom, thus sought and limited, sacred, there is still youthful blood circulating through the social body; and if it be sometimes attended with the diseases of youth, it brings with it also vigour, and elasticity, and hope (Ib. p. 35-36).

About two years ago, Betsey Blakely, a woman of Wilmington, N. C., maddened by the wrongs inflicted on her as a slave, "concealed herself on board a Boston Brig, in the little narrow passage between the side of the vessel and the partition that formed the cabin-two feet eight inches of room! There she lay, while her inhuman master, almost certain that she was on board the vessel, had it smoked with sulphur and tobacco three times over," in the same manner, as at the North, we smoke vessels in order to destroy vermin! The heroic woman bore her sufferings in silence, preferred death by suffocation to continued Slavery. She arrived in Boston, in the month of January, half frozen, and just able to crawl.

Now, suppose her owner, finding she was in Boston, came here, and having got the necessary warrant, and tools like Alberti to execute it, prepared to arrest her, and that she knocked at *your* door, Dr. Peabody, and asked you to conceal her from her pursuer, would you have refused her request? Would you have said to her, my good woman, I sympathize most deeply with your wrongs, I fully believe in the sacredness of your personal rights, but I am also alive to the vital importance to you, as well to myself, of maintaining law. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, which is, in substance, nothing but the re-enactment, for the recovery of fugitive slaves, of a law which, in its essential characteristics, had been in existence for half a century (ib. p. 34), declares (section 7) that whoever "shall harbour or conceal such fugitive, so as to prevent the discovery and arrest of such person, after notice or knowledge of the fact that such person was a fugitive from service or labour as aforesaid, shall, for either of said offences, be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months; and shall moreover forfeit and pay, by way of civil damages to the party injured by such illegal conduct, the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost as aforesaid.

How can I help you as you desire? If Marshal Devens should come and command me to aid him in arresting you, I should have to point out the place of your concealment, because the same law (section 5) says:

"And all good citizens are hereby commanded to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law, whenever their services may be required, as aforesaid, for that purpose."

How *can* I aid you? If we become insensible "to the importance of maintaining law, "free institutions will be at an end, and society will relapse into barbarism." My good woman, you are "wanting in clear and discriminating ideas respecting the relations of the individual to society, in regard to the point at which the rights of one must give way to the rights of all; or in other words, of the point where personal freedom must yield to the law, through which alone the freedom of all has any permanent protection" (ib. p. 35).

Would you speak thus to Elizabeth Blakely, or Ellen Craft, or any other poor fugitive who sought your door in her desperate need? If you would, may God have mercy on your soul! But if, like any man with heart of flesh and not of stone, you should say to her, Enter in God's name, and, come fines, imprisonment, or the extremest poverty, my roof shall shelter you from the oppressor, what becomes of your loyalty to law? You *are* loyal to that everlasting law of God written on your soul, but the Fugitive Slave Law you trample under your foot! Thomas Garrett, the simple yet noble Friend, after he had helped hundreds of way-worn fugitives from Slavery, was at last arrested, tried, convicted, and heavily fined for the offence. The fines amounted to more than all his property. He was stripped of every thing by the Sheriff, except only that which was alone worth possessing, his kind heart and soul that sympathized with suffering. By way of apology to his own conscience, the officer expressed his regret that the law should have borne with such peculiar hardship upon him, but he said, with Dr. P., "the law must be enforced, and I hope this will teach you, Friend Garrett, to be more careful in future." Garrett turned and said, in his simple steadfastness, "Friend, if thee hears of any other fugitives in distress, thee will send them to me"! Which act is more likely to cause society to "relapse into barbarism," Thomas Garrett's trampling under foot the law of man in order to obey the law of God, by helping one of his oppressed creatures, or the shutting our door in the face of Betsy Blakely and Ellen Craft, in obedience to the law of man, in disregard of the deepest instincts of our nature, which teach us to help the poor and needy, and shelter and protect the oppressed?

We will be loyal to law, so long as it is just, but when it sanctions oppression, we will despise and disobey it. We may be fined, or imprisoned, or reduced to the extremest poverty for our disobedience, and we will endeavour to submit with resignation, feeling sure that God, the Father of all, never yet made one man a slave, and that society has never yet made any advance, except by individuals obeying that law which is written on the human soul. Law, says Hooper, has "her seat in the bosom of God, and her voice is the harmony of the world." Will our country "sink into that more than savage state which follows a worn out civilization" by striving to obey only this law, or shall we best secure ourselves against such disastrous result by repudiating it, and supporting the Fugitive Slave Law?

Our work is done. In preparing it, we have cleared up many points which were doubtful to us. We sincerely hope that its perusal may serve to strengthen others for the good fight. Dr. P. styles his pamphlet "Slavery in the United States—its evils, alleviations and remedies." But the evils have been less than the blessings, because he thinks Slavery has benefitted the blacks more even than freedom would have done. The alleviations of Slavery exist only in his imagination, and *the* remedy which he labours upon so much, and considers as about the only one worthy of serious effort, is most fatal to the cause of freedom.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The correspondent bewaileth his ill-usage—He likeneth himself to Junius—He describeth a case of wounding—He complaineth of Mr. Edmund Quincy—And threateneth the editor—He recalleth the great Sigma controversy, and how he was like evil entreated—He showeth—He telleth—The cowhide boots—He publisheth a letter, whose, what and why?—Mr. Quincy to the Journal—He is affable, conciliatory and amiable—His satisfactory explanations—He speculateth amiably on Webster—Whig prospects—And on the philosophy of political grief—He illustrateth by examples—He magnifieth the virtue of resignation—He concludeth civilly—The correspondent astonished that the Journal refused it! His comments—He applieth Sir Peter Teazle's Merchant-Law—He showeth the unanimity of the Democrats for Mr. Webster—He accepts the amende of the Journal—He mourneth over the desolations of the Whig Zion—He giveth the Lowell Courier good advice—Mr. Webster in Faneuil Hall—He openeth his mouth and shutteth it—How he looked—The correspondent comforteth his friends—The Whigs and the Methodists—The harbour and the hall—Waste of praise and pudding—The Maine Liquor Law—The Veto—Rum Rejoicings—The Senate Bill—Action of House—Whig craft—The Signature—The cannon spiked—The crafty caught, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, May 23d, 1852.

I AM a singularly ill-used individual. I am not sure that I shall not be obliged to emerge from that Junius-like obscuration which conceals me from vulgar gaze, and to stand no longer "*magni nominis umbra*," but appear in my own proper person, and claim what belongs to me. You must know that what I said in my last letter about Mr. Webster's Marshfield accident has made a good deal of stir in these parts. To be sure, it was somewhat mutilated and metamorphosed before it was sent limping about in the Whig papers. They cut off its head and tail and punched a piece out of its middle, and made it something quite different from the brat of my brain, before they thought it would answer their purpose. However, as it made no little talk, what does Mr. Edmund Quincy, your Corresponding Editor, do (taking advantage of the strict *incognito* I have always maintained) but take all the credit, such as it was, to himself! You remember he did the same thing with my part of the great Sigma Controversy, which shook Christendom to its centre, some two years ago. I think you will have to choose between his services and mine, if he persists in these felonious proceedings. To be sure he has not reaped unmitigated approbation from this appropriation (which he did in the Sigma business); for I heard that one patriotic citizen had wished that the strongest man in Boston, indued with the stoutest cow-hide boots to be found in the vicinage, might be employed to kick him down the whole length of State street, and off the end of Long Wharf! A punishment certainly in no degree disproportioned to his offences towards me, however it may be as to those against Mr. Webster. Now this individual, assuming to be your Correspondent, saw fit to write a letter to the *Boston Journal*, which has come into my possession, it is unnecessary to say how; but, as it pretty fully expresses my own opinions, and as it will save me trouble, I think I am perfectly justified in making what use of it I please, without giving him just cause of complaint. And the use I please to make of it is to subjoin it here.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal.

DEDHAM, May 19, 1852.

SIR: My attention was attracted last evening to the following extract and comment contained in the *Journal* of the day before, May 17th:

VILLAINOUS.—Listen to the language used by Edmund Quincy, of Dedham, respecting the late accident to Mr. Webster. In his last letter to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, he says: "On the Marshfield farmer's way from the nearest station to his house, he was thrown from his carriage; but such being the Whig fate, he did *not* break his neck! No! the ancient prophecy was fulfilled, and the serpent only bruised his head! Possibly, however, as he fell on his face, he may have agreeably varied his diet by eating some *Northern* dirt. *Had* the news only arrived that he was out of the way! The onion market might have risen, newspapers would have been edged with black, a portentous funeral would have blackened the streets. Mr. Choate would have lied over him like a bulletin or an epitaph, or, what is the same thing, a *eulogy*; but what a relief it would have been.

Through the inadvertence of your types, or of your scissors (for I am unwilling to suppose the omissions and alteration intentional to which I would invite your notice), I am here made to express sentiments quite different from those contained in the passage of my letter to the *Standard*, from which the quotation is made. The inference from the extract, as it stands, would certainly be (however undesignedly on your part) that I was expressing my own personal regret that Mr. Webster was not killed out of *my* way, and that it would have been to *me* that the relief caused by such a catastrophe would be occasioned. Nothing could be further from the sense of the passage in its entirety.* Though I am neither partizan, friend nor admirer of Mr. Webster, there is not a man alive that would regret more sincerely than I, any fatal misadventure to him, just at this time. If there be anybody in the country that would think it good luck to have Mr. Webster out of the way, it is not me. On the contrary, my heart's desire and sincere hope is that his life may be spared, at least, until after the Fourth Day of next March. It would be a serious drawback on the entertainment I, as an indifferent specator, am anticipating from what is to be enacted, the ensuing summer and autumn, on the stage of this, the most comical country in this funniest of all possible worlds, to have so prominent an actor withdrawn from the scene. It was of the sensations of *his own party*, not mine, in view of such an accident, that I spoke.

I had been speaking of the ill luck which has always attended the Whig Party, as a general thing, and then proceeded to relate this particular instance of it. After describing Mr. Webster's arrival in Boston, his reception and speech, I went on to say:

"After this unexpected, but therefore the more gratifying, Reception, the Farmer of Marshfield proceeded to his Tusculum to see how the Spring work went on. Now came the ill-luck of the Whigs! On his way from the nearest Station to his house, he was thrown from his carriage; but, such being the Whig Fate, he did *not* break his neck! &c., &c."

The remainder of the extract is given correctly by your types, with the exception of one little word. The sentence which stands in the *Journal*,

"*Had* the news only arrived that he was out of *the* way!"

stands in the original—"out of *their* way!" That is out of the way of the Whigs of Massachusetts. Had the passage been given entire and without this typographical error, my meaning would have been sufficiently apparent.

Now, it may be that I am mistaken as to my premises and the conclusion I have drawn from them. It may be that Mr. Webster *has* a chance for the Whig nomination. Or it may be, should Mr. Fillmore or General Scott obtain it, and an election, that they would postpone the claims of their own partizans to those of Mr. Webster's. But the basis of the opinions which I expressed (perhaps not felicitously) in the letter you have quoted was the belief, by no means confined to me, that the Whig candidate must be either Mr. Fillmore or General Scott; and that, whichever it may be, should his election follow, the Cabinet Officers, Foreign Missions, Government Printing, Collectorships, Post Offices &c., would be the natural prey of his own friends and supporters and not of those of Mr. Webster. I may be in error, too, in supposing that Mr. Webster's partizans have any personal views in sustaining him; and that they would sincerely deplore any event which, without their fault, should extricate them from the false political position in which they have placed themselves, and enable them to get back into right relations with the heads of their party. But I went on the supposition that they are not superior to the average of men on their promotion. As in military, so in political service, in which none resign and few die (except Whig Presidents), aspirants are not generally expected to die of grief when a man in their way drops out of it. You probably have not forgotten, Sir, that Mr. Tyler did not break his heart when General Harrison died; and has not Mr. Fillmore survived General Taylor even unto this day? I do not believe that the Whigs of Massachusetts would kill Mr. Webster, themselves, for any accruing advantage. By no means. But it is a very different thing to be *resigned* to such an accident should it happen by "the visitation of God." As Lord Byron says of "Revenge,"

"Revenge in people's certainly no virtue;
But then its not *my* fault if *others* hurt you!"

So it would have been no fault of theirs had the Marshfield accident enabled them to bury Cæsar *and* to praise him, instead of wasting their energies and prospects in futile attempts to nominate him. A cheerful submission to such a Dispensation of Providence is all that I have laid to their charge.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

EDMUND QUINCY.

This letter, you will be surprised to learn, the Editor of the *Journal* declined publishing. But he made the Corrections asked for, and had the notice ended there, there would have been an end of the matter. But it seems that the paragraph as it appeared in the *Journal* was not an original concoction, but was copied from a Lowell paper, called the *Journal*. But, you know, this did not take the Boston editor out of the purview of Sir Peter Teazle's Merchant-Law, which makes all the indorsers of a lie equally liable with the original drawer. This is what he says:

"We did not read the original letter of Mr. Quincy, but his explanation, now before us, does not mend the matter. The flippant levity with which he speaks of the late accident to Mr. Webster, and of his possible demise, cannot but excite disgust, whether Mr. Quincy gives it as the offspring of his own hatred, or as his idea of the probable feelings of the Whig party. The sentiments expressed, however conceived and uttered, are justly entitled to the epithet bestowed upon them by the *Lowell Courier*—villainous.

Now, as I happen to differ materially from him in these opinions, I think it best to send you this letter for publication. I should like to have had it published here, where the garbled version of my letter appeared. But no Whig paper would be much more likely to print it than the *Journal*. And as for the Democrats, they are perfectly unanimous in favour of Mr. Webster as the *Whig* Candidate. There are great diversities of opinion touching him among the Whigs; but the Democrats go for him as one man—for the antagonist they are to fight. It would be but "cakes and gingerbread," as Sancho says, to beat *him*. So they would not choose, probably, to do even so slight a thing as this to discourage the Whigs from putting in for him.

I have no complaint to make of the Editor of the *Journal*. He has made the proper corrections and he has a perfect right to his opinions as to the character of my remarks. Nor am I surprised at them. I have no personal knowledge of him, and never heard any opinions expressed concerning him (excepting as a Sea-Captain) coming from any authentic source, until three days ago. I was then assured, on what I esteemed good authority, that he was intellectually incapable of perceiving any difference between the passage in my New York letter as it was written and as it was garbled by the Lowell paper. This opinion is now justified as the result of philosophical observation. I attribute no malice whatever to him. One who cannot read is above all suspicion of *forgery*.

But what a painful picture does it not give us of the deplorable condition of a party (or a fragment of one), when they have to acknowledge such a paper as one of its authentic oracles, and such an editor as one of its accepted prophets! "What must be the worshippers when the divinity is a monkey," or even *the priest*? Was I not right in saying that the Whigs are out of luck? Is not such destitution enough to melt the stony hearts of political antagonists? I should think the Democrats would blush, next autumn, at a victory over foemen so little worthy of their steel. Here I will conclude this important chapter of our country's history, with a parting word of advice to the *Lowell Courier* (or whatever its name may be); and it is this. While you make use of the *Standard* to any extent you like (the more you do, the better will be your paper), remember what King Biddle said, "that truths may be so arranged as to be a lie," and also the sound advice of Captain Absolute to his servant, "Never tell any more lies than are *absolutely necessary!*"

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Webster addressed a crowded audience in Faneuil Hall, by the unanimous invitation of the City Government. Whether the doors swung open "on golden hinges turning," as he prophesied when he was shut out last year, I cannot say. But opened they were, and a very full house had the pleasure of seeing him open and shut his mouth for an hour and a half. What he said you will probably see in the papers by the time you receive this, but no person farther from him than his elbow could hear a word. However, they gave the proper cheers when the Mayor pointed out the proper place, and everything went off, as they say in the play-bills, with the most brilliant success. Mr. Webster looked old, thin and broken. It must be comfort to his friends to reflect how soon he will be relieved of all public cares and enabled to devote the remainder of his life to the recovery and preservation of his health.

One thing was quite noticeable at this Meeting. You must know that the Methodist General Conference is now sitting in this City, and our Webster Whig leaders know so little of what they are about as to have been trying to wheedle them into their ranks. Last week, Mayor Seaver made a party of pleasure down the harbour for them, and, on Saturday afternoon, a special place was assigned to them in the Hall. In his introductory speech, Mr. Seaver referred to them, and in Mr. Webster's, he evidently made some complimentary allusion to them, from some feeble and cackling attempts at a cheer from the Reverend guests. But it will be of no use. The solid pudding of Collations and the empty praise of Speeches are equally thrown away. For the Methodists, with very rare exceptions, are most inveterate Democrats, and not to be caught with any such chaff as this.

My letter is so unreasonably long already, that I can but glance at the history of the Maine liquor law. After much backing and filling, it was at last passed, subject to a reference to the people, on the suggestion of its friends; but to an open ballot, on the suggestion of its enemies. The Legislature remained in session over the five days allowed the Governor for consideration, from a fear that he might "pocket" the bill. On Monday, accordingly, the *Veto* was sent down, being grounded on the objection that the ballot was to be *open* and not *secret*, which His Excellency regarded as one of the main safeguards of Civil Liberty. This was, certainly, as small a hole as a great magistrate could well crawl out of; but it was as large as the case required. This made a great stir, as you may suppose. The rum party was in ecstacies; there never had been such a Governor, and the Commonwealth was safe under his auspices; while the Temperance men were correspondingly down in the mouth. The Senate forthwith passed the same bill, only substituting the secret for the open ballot, thus obviating the Governor's objections, and compelling him, if at all, to veto it on its merits. But this could not be put through the House There, the enemies of the bill, being chiefly Whigs, might perfectly well have defeated it, by availing themselves of the differences of opinion among its friends. But for the purpose of making Gov. Boutwell's position the worse for him and for the Coalition, they went for the law, without any reference to the people at all, regarding the Veto as a dead certainty. The Senate immediately passed this bill and it went to the Governor, in the ordinary form of a law. Everybody, friend and foe, took it for granted that it would be negatived. It is said, that the principal hotel keepers and *restaurateurs* were all ready primed for treating their customers, and that cannon were all ready loaded to announce the joyful tidings, when the Veto should be signed. But what are the hopes of man! To the astonishment of everybody, the Governor yesterday signed the bill, and thus the crafty were taken in their own craftiness. He has managed his game so as to secure the least possible degree of respect from all sorts of people. But, at any rate, he had the satisfaction of catching the Whigs in the trap they had set for him.—D. Y.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

FAIRFIELD, Herkimer Co., May 23, 1852.

DEAR FRIEND GAY: I am again permitted to address a word to you and your readers, from Central New York. Of the Anniversary at Rochester, you are already informed. It was not, in all respects, fully up to that of last year, at Syracuse. One thing was a little noticeable. The political parties are beginning to sue for our countenance and patronage, in tones more pathetic and earnest than ever before. One partizan Editor was on the ground, deploring deeply and pathetically, that we did not treat him with the same confidence and consideration as before he apostatized from us, and went over to politics and party political action. We are worth something to the politicians and priesthood yet, it seems—more a great deal than they are to us. I am sorry that so many of our warmest friends (in profession) still do as much to support them as the Anti-Slavery cause, and sometimes more. If God and Baal be both Gods, they may be right; but not otherwise.

Since the Anniversary, I have held meetings in Williamson, Marion, Walworth, Port Byron, Little Falls and Middleville. To-day, I am to speak twice in Fairfield, Last Sunday morning, I spoke in a Quaker meeting-house; in the afternoon, in a Christian Baptist house, five miles distant; and in the evening, in the Presbyterian; on Monday, in a Congregational; next day, in a Methodist; next, in a Universalist Hall; and last night, in a "Union Meeting-house," built and owned by some of nearly all these sects together. Sure, God must have sent some angel to open so many doors. That I have been into so many meeting-houses, is the result, somewhat, of the labours of our new auxiliary, Miss Srlly Holley. No lecturer has ever done more in so short time, and done it so well, than she. Sometimes the people tell her how they dislike the Fosters. Her answer is, "O, if I could only lecture like them, how glad it would make me." She is doing a most excellent work; and though the people profess to be charmed with her, it is for no want of uncompromising fidelity to the truth.

Following so soon after Miss Holley and Mrs. Foster, who were both singularly successful in raising funds for the American Society, I have done little except to deliver addresses. They harvest the field too faithfully where they go to leave any encouragement for after gleaners. So, too, in procuring subscribers for our papers. If persons solicited refuse them, neither would they be persuaded if a whole church-yard of dead should rise and entreat them.

At Williamson and Marion, our patriarchal friend, Henry C. Wright, was with me. Our labours seemed likely to result in much good. The meetings were large and attentive, and we did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

During the ravages of the past dreary Winter, Religious Revivals, too, have raged, as many feared, to unusual extent. This was true in several places where I have recently been. But Spring seems now to be repairing all their wastes. Much was boasted and published about them. But on coming into the very presence of them, I find "'T was distance lent enchantment to the view." The results have not been half so disastrous as was feared.

New York, like Ohio, seems now a very important and hopeful field to occupy. In my judgement, the American Society cannot be too solicitous in regard to them.

Yours most devotedly,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

COLOURED PEOPLE IN MR. BEECHER'S CHURCH.

NEW YORK May 20, 1852.

S. H. GAY—*Dear Sir*: having seen, in the *Standard* of this week, a communication over the signature of "One," charging a number of the Seating Committee of the Rev. H. W. Beecher's Church with "negro pewism," I think it due to the cause of truth, to state that, last Sunday, a friend and myself attended service there, and were permitted to take our seats where we pleased, and were not seated "in a corner." While there, we saw two other coloured gentleman come in and take seats against the wall, when Mr. Harned, one of the Committee, went to them and conducted them to more "eligible seats." I am authorized to state (by the same gentleman) that Mr. Beecher, some time since, invited F. Douglass to a seat in his own pew, at an evening service, when the church was crowded. If "One" received the treatment that he describes, it is certainly not in accordance with the usage of the church. Mr. Beecher stated from the Pulpit when he first assumed the pastoral charge, that there should be no exclusive pews for any "one."

VERITAS.

THE *Workings of Abolitionism*.—I last Sabbath day attended worship in Warren, and listened to an excellent, though a farewell sermon of Rev.————, to his people. His subject was Christ and Him crucified. He clearly showed that since his settlement, about four years, he had endeavoured, like a faithful pastor, to hold up Christ and Him crucified as the great and only remedy to cure the diseased and leprous heart of man, yet for this faithfulness—though nine-tenths of his church and congregation gave him their cordial support—there were a few who were dissatisfied with this precious truth, and because he chose to be independent and did not interlard all his pulpit performances with the nauseating drug of abolitionism, every means must be brought to bear to make this faithful pastor's place so uncomfortable as to compel him to resign his pastorate, he having bourne this rude and indecorous treatment until his sensitive nerves could no longer submit to such treatment, and the good man has finally taken his leave.—[Correspondence *Christian Observer*].

——HON. GILBERT DEAN, M. C. from Duchess county, in this State, recently made a Speech in the House, of which the Wisconsin *Free Democrat* gives this 'first rate notice:'

Mr. Dean's Speech.—We have just read through Dean's speech—recently delivered in Congress—which *The Union* puffs, and *The N. Y. Tribune* does not eulogize. Not that it is intrinsically worth reading. But as an old college class-mate—a church member, and a thoroughly unprincipled demagogue, in whose integrity nobody had any confidence during his college course—we had a little curiosity to see what effect ten years' experience had had upon him. Well, we find him the same unmitigated demagogue still. There is not a manly sentiment standing bolt upright in his whole speech, and whatever of professions of right principle are found in it, are so mixed up with partisan slang, that we cannot help thinking of the homely old proverb—a jewel in a swine's snout.

——KOSSUTH is going from Albany to Niagara, where he will remain to recruit his health, and after that, visit several of the towns and cities in the interior of the state.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, May 7, 1852.

MY DEAR GAY: It is ever so long since I wrote to you, of which you are probably not aware. But I was reminded of my right to remind you occasionally of my existence by the perusal of the Hundredth Epistle of your Boston Correspondent. I then learned, for the first time, how great a part I may play in the world if I please; and that, as your Foreign Correspondent, I have access to a host of readers such as hundreds and thousands of hapless authors have sighed for in vain. My lucubrations, like theirs, may serve to paper candles or line trunks; but I stand a much better chance than they do of being read, and my modest genius and pleasant communications appreciated before they attain that inglorious consummation. I have some opportunity of dropping with a splash into the water, and of sending circle after circle of commotion widening around me. Their pages may never be opened; my columns pass beneath the eyes of thousands.

In my school-boy days, after measuring myself as well as I knew how, I came to the conclusion that the grapes that allured so many to jump were very sour; that fame is but a foolish thing, and that it is extremely improbable, when people die, that the noise made about them by the sorrowers has much influence on their destiny. I learned, in my select readings out of school, that fame is but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper; that it is to have (when the original is dust) a name or wretched picture, and worse bust. I observed that pictures are generally very unlike the orginal, and that it takes very hard guessing to guess that a bust is intended for the man it was meant for. I saw that authors were often jealous, cranky, and unhappy, and that it was not worth while putting myself out of my way to get what so few attained to. I was struck by the fact that the cream of English poetry is crammed into a portable volume, and that, as D. Y. very properly remarks, people very seldom read the same book twice. In short, I had made up my mind that I was too wise to do such a foolish thing as to aim at celebrity, and I thought my object of a respectable obscurity had been completely attained; when, lo! the other day, on reading your Boston Correspondent's letter, I reasonably concluded that if he had attained a certain eminence on the strength of his hundred letters, I must have gained a portion of the same giddy height by the much greater quantity of mine which make up to those who like to get value for their money in solid bulk, whatever they fall short in sparkle and brilliancy. Solid, steady people must live; and I am determined not to shrink abashed because I cannot point a moral or catch a quotation flying, like some of my brethren of the quill.

Although I have not written much to you of late, I have been very much occupied on behalf of my trans-Atlantic friends, in shaping a reply to Messrs. Scoble and Tappan, who have come forth in a pamphlet. I send you a copy of my reply, and I hope you will frankly and impartially declare that I have the best of it, and that the champions of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have come off only second best in comparison with your talented Dublin Correspondent. I need not assure you for your guidance as an impartial critic that I think I have proved all the points I thought worth proving; and that if people only had sense, they would all view the questions between the American and the American and Foreign Societies exactly as I do. But it is a rare thing for a man to change his mind because he is overpowered by argument. He generally turns round because it is fashionable or more profitable to do so. But as long as Slavery has the disposal of the loaves and fishes in America, and as British Sectarianism is interested in shutting her eyes to the sins of American fellow-professors, we need not wonder that the progress of the cause is slow, and that Might continues to triumph over Right. My faith in the justice of the cause, my full admission of its claim, are what they have always been since I became acquainted with it; but it seems to me that the Abolitionists are working just now in the fulfilment of a duty to their own souls rather than in the hope and confidence of any very proximate success.

Here, our Tory Ministry are considered to have thrown Protection overboard, and we go on very peaceably under the guidance of men who came into power under false colours. Europe seems to be now in a deep calm. The bayonet rules over all, and keeps the peace, with the help of the Priests, most effectually. The crumbling thrones and falling dynasties seem to have got strong on their legs again, and to be as lively and mischievous as ever.

You will regret to hear the death of Alexander Mackay, a Scotch Barrister, who wrote a good book about the United States, and was sent out by the Manchester merchants to investigate the chance of cultivating Cotton on a larger scale in India.

But I lately saw a letter from my friend Parker Pillsbury to you or to some body, in which he heartily reprobates long letters. I shall, therefore, take a leaf out of his book on this occasion, though it is out of my power to aim at the nerve and vigour which make all that comes from his pen so welcome and refreshing to

Yours ever truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Miscellaneous News.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE—THE INTERVENTION QUESTION.

COPY OF A NOTE ADDRESSED BY M. HULSEMANN TO MR. WEBSTER, DATED AT

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1852.

On my recent return from Havana, I found that the moment had arrived to fulfill the intentions of my government relative to my official connections with the government of the United States.

The Secretary of State has not judged fit to reply to the note which I consider it my duty to address to him, dated the 13th of December, in relation to the reception and the military honours rendered to Kossuth by the federal authorities.

The Secretary of State had led me to hope that my interviews with him, in the State Department, would be no longer commented upon, and accompanied by derisive remarks, in certain journals of Baltimore and Philadelphia. These assurances, which were even given to me in writing, have been immediately burlesqued in the same journals, and have only led to more virulent attacks, which were continued in one widely circulated journal of New Orleans. And, on my passage through that city, I have been the object of very disagreeable demonstrations. I considered it my duty at that time—21st of November—to inform the President of those annoyances, so singularly patronised; and thereupon the Secretary of State declared to me—28th November—that thenceforth his relations with me should be had only in writing.

On the 7th of January, the Secretary of State judged fit to pronounce publicly, and in the presence of Kossuth, a revolutionary speech, in which he strenuously encouraged Hungary to a new rebellion, and formally proposed a sentiment to the speedy emancipation of that kingdom. This demonstration was of such a strange character—was so contrary to the simplest international courtesy, as well as to the positive promises which you had given me in the Department of State—that I considered it my duty to address myself to the highest authority of the republic, to be assured whether this discourse was the expression of the sentiments of the government of the United States.

I esteem it a happiness to be enabled to say that the imperial government, approving my course, has rendered justice to the declaration which the President considered it proper to make to me on the 12th of January, with the design of maintaining the good connections existing between Austria and the United States.

These verbal assurances have not given place since to any proceeding of the Secretary of State, to corroborate officially the declaration of the President, and to produce a satisfactory reconciliation.

After having determined, with much deliberation, as to the hostile proceedings of the Secretary of State, and after having experienced the false and disagreeable position which had resulted therefrom, I believed it to be my duty to declare, for very evident motives of propriety, that my government would no longer permit me to remain here, and continue official relations with the principal promoter of the Kossuth episode, so very much to be regretted.

I profit by this occasion to express to the President my respectful thanks for his invariably obliging conduct towards me.

Mr. A. Belmont, Consul General of Austria at New York, will continue his functions until further orders.

Receive, Mr. Secretary of State, the expression of my high consideration.

ANSWER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO MR. HULSEMAN.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
WASHINGTON, May 3, 1852.

SIR—Your communication to the Secretary of State, of the 29th ultimo, announcing your intention to leave the United States, and stating that Mr. Auguste Belmont, the Consul-General of Austria at New York, will continue in the discharge of his functions until further orders, has been received.

In reply, I have the honour to inform you that as Mr. Belmont is well known to the Secretary of State as a gentleman of much respectability, any communication which it may be proper for him to address to the Department in his official character, will be received with entire respect.

I avail myself of this occasion to offer to you, Sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary.

——A PROTEST FROM THE COLOURED PEOPLE.—A large meeting of our people assembled in Ann Arbour, a few days ago, in which they expressed their entire disapprobation of encouraging any of the "beggars from Canada, who did not come recommended through the *Voice of the Fugitive*," at which time there were two of them present, one of whom was William Swaney, of Ypsilanti, and Rev. Simon Hutchinson, of Amherstburg, C. W., who, we are credibly informed, is well acquainted with the inside of the *State Prison of Ohio*. The former gentleman has recently taken an agency under the latter, to help the "poor, *starving fugitives in Canada*." The coloured people of all the principal cities in Ohio have expressed their disapprobation of this degrading system of begging.

All of the enlightened portion of the coloured population of Canada West have uttered their protest against it also. No people ever was, or ever will be, respected, or elevated, who do not respect themselves more than to become public beggars, or who will even consent to live on charities of others, sooner than work for their living. May the time speedily come when these beggars shall be looked upon by the true friends of our race as but little less reputable than pick-pockets. There are now in the field not less than five able-bodied men, begging old clothing, food and money for the "poor fugitives in Canada." Look out for these agents, for they can all tell a good story; they are all shepherds, too, whom, we fear, "care more for the fleece than they do for the flock." Rev. W. Jones, Rev Simon Hutchinson, Rev. Mr. Carter, Rev. D. Mumford and W. Sweney. In the stead of these able-bodied men teaching practically that the fugitives in this province can take care of themselves by honest labour, they are out bringing shame on them. We have spoken out, and shall continue to speak out, against it. In cautioning the public against these men, whe had occasion to say that there "was no suffering among this people," or that "all who would work could make a good living," and we now re-affirm the same thing. But these beggars, who, like drowning men, are ever ready to catch at straws, seized upon this part of a sentence, and put a false construction on it. Show us a community where there is a very considerable number of inhabitants, be they white or black, in this Province or the States, and we will show some of the number who have not all the necessaries of life, and yet they generally have too much self-respect to send out beggars. But again, when we call the United States a slaveholding Government, we do not mean that every individual owns a slave, neither did we mean it to be understood that there was not a coloured person in this Province who did not suffer for food or clothing—but the exception is the rule; therefore we cannot believe that a candid man would so construe it, and we let it go without being defined.—(*Canada*) *Voice of the Fugitive.*

——ANOTHER GERMAN PATRIOT AND LECTURER.—Amand Goegg, Esq, formerly of the Congress of Baden, but now exiled for his political doctrines, has been in Sandusky City a few days, and addressed a German meeting there on Saturday evening. Mr. Goegg has now organized associations of Germans in nearly all the large cities of the Union. It is said that they are to be permanent democratic and refractory organizations, one great object of which is to print in this country pamphlets, &c., in favour of republicanism, to circulate in Germany and other European States.

——STRIPED PIG UNDER A NEW NAME.—The *Boston Traveller* has the following paragraph:

Sherbet of Shiraz.—A new beverage, with this oriental name, is advertised in our columns to-day. It is offered to our community as a agreeable, safe, and is, as we believe, entirely beyond the reach of the "Maine Law." It is said to be the only exhilirating drink allowed by the Mohammedan law, which is as stringent against vinous and spirituous liquors as the Maine Law is, in any of its forms. We are enabled to say, from a mere taste of its quality, that it is a most palatable, rich, and gratefully refreshing beverage.

——FREE NEGROES SOLD FOR TAXES.—The county court of London county, Va., has ordered the Sheriff to sell for public hire, about one hundred free negroes, who have neglected to pay their taxes. They are to be hired out at not less than ten cents per day until the debt is liquidated.—*Louisville Journal.*

——SAD AFFAIR AT COVINGTON, IND.—Hon. E. A. Hannegan, formerly U. S. Senator (says the *Toledo Republican*), inflicted a mortal wound upon his brother-in-law, Capt.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE STORY OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

[From "Reminiscences of a visit to the United States, in 1850," published in the (Glasgow) *British Friend*.]

THE touching circumstances connected with the life of the fugitive slave with whom I fell in on my journey from Lynn to Boston, cannot be better related than in nearly his own words; for, although deprived of moral and mental cultivation, during the 43 years of Slavery he had endured, he was able to relate his history with such perfect clearness as to leave the most vivid impressions, and to arouse a renewed feeling of sympathy towards the vast numbers of the one great brotherhood who daily suffer and die, ignorant and despairing, in the prison-land of Slavery from which Thomas Jones—for such was his name—had happily escaped.

"I was born a slave. My recollections of early life are associated with poverty, suffering, and shame. In my boyhood's first experience I was made to feel myself inferior and degraded, and that I must pass through life in a dependent and suffering condition. The experience of forty-three years, which were passed by me in Slavery, was one of dark fears and darker realities.

"My first master—John Hawes—lived in North Carolina. He was the owner of a large plantation, having above fifty slaves. I remained nine years with my parents, who were both slaves, owned by John Hawes. They had six children, including myself; and I well remember the old cabin, with its clay floor and mud chimney, in which, for nine years, I enjoyed the presence and love of my wretched parents, who tried to make it a happy place for their dear children. They worked late in the night many a time to get a little simple furniture for their home and the home of their children; and they spent many hours of willing toil to stop up the chinks between the logs of their poor hut, that they and their children might be protected from the storm and the cold. From my own painful experience I can testify to the deep and fond affection which the slave cherishes in his heart for those whose are linked with them in wrongs and wretchedness.

"My dear parents were conscious of the desperate and incurable woe of their position and destiny; and of the lot and inevitable suffering in store for their beloved children. They talked about our coming misery, and they lifted up their voices and wept aloud, as they spoke of our being torn from them and sold off to the dreaded slave trader, perhaps never again to see them, or hear from them a word of fond love. I have heard them speak of their willingness to bear their own sorrows without complaint, if only we, their dear children, could be safe from the wretchedness before us. And I remember, and *now* fully understand, as I did not *then*, the sad and tearful look they sometimes fixed upon us when we were gathered round them with our foolish prattle. I am a father, and I have had the same feelings of unspeakable anguish, as I have looked upon my precious babes, and have thought of the ignorance, degradation, and woe which they must endure as slaves. The great God, who knoweth all the secrets of the heart, and He only, knows the bitter sorrow I now feel when I think of my four dear children who are slaves, torn from me and consigned to hopeless servitude by the iron hand of ruthless wrong. I love those children with all a father's fondness. God gave them to me; but my brother took them from me, in utter scorn of a father's earnest pleadings: and never shall I look upon them again, till I meet them and my oppressors at the final gathering. Will not the Great Father and God make them and me reparation in the final award of mercy to the victim, and of justice to the cruel desolator?

"Our master was very severe and cruel. He kept no overseer, but managed his own slaves with the help of his eldest son. Once a year he distributed clothing to his slaves. To the men he gave a pair of shoes, a blanket, a hat, and five yards of coarse, home-spun cotton. To the women a corresponding outfit, and enough to make one frock for each of the children. The slaves were obliged to make up their own clothes, after the severe labour of the plantation had been performed. Any other clothing they were compelled to get by extra work or do without it.

"The supply of food given out was one peck of corn a week to each slave, or some equivalent, and nothing else. They must grind it themselves after the work of the day, at a mill which stood on the plantation. We had to eat our coarse bread without meat, or butter, or milk. Severe labour alone gave us an appetite for our scanty and unpalatable fare. Many slaves were so hungry after their excessive toil, that they were compelled to steal food in addition to this allowance.

"During the planting and harvest season, we had to work early and late. The men and women were called at three in the morning, and were worked till dark at night, after which they prepare their food for supper, and for the breakfast of next day, and attend to other necessary duties. Parents often had to work for their children at home, after each day's protracted toil, till the middle of the night, and then snatch a few hours' sleep, to get strength for the heavy burdens of the next day.

"Through the winter, the men and women worked in the fields, clearing up new land, chopping and burning bushes, digging ditches, &c. They worked together, poorly clad, suffering from the bitter cold and wet of the season. Women, wives and mothers, daughters and sisters, were compelled to toil on cold, stormy days, in the open field, while the piercing wind and driving storm benumbed their limbs, and almost froze the tears that came forth out of their cold and desolate hearts. Little boys and girls, too, worked and cried, constantly receiving scoldings and beatings as their reward.

"Thus passed nine years of my life; years of suffering, the shuddering memory of which is deeply fixed in my heart. O that the happy children I have seen in Massachusetts since my escape only knew the deep wretchedness of the poor slave-child! For then their tender hearts would feel to love and pray for these unhappy ones, on whose early life hopeless sufferings bear down a crushing, killing burden!

"These nine years of wretchedness having passed over, my master sold me to Mr. Jones of Wilmington, who lived forty-five miles distant. He sent his slave-driver, Abraham, to conduct me there. I was at home with my mother when he came. He looked in at the door, and called to me 'Tom, you must go with me.' His looks were ugly, and his voice was savage. I was very much afraid, and began to cry, holding on to my mother's clothes, and begging her to protect me, and not let the man take me away. She wept bitterly, and, in the midst of her loud sobbings, cried out in broken words, 'I can't save you, Tommy; master has sold you, you must go.' She threw her arms round me, and while the hot tears fell on my face, she pressed me to her heart. There she held me, sobbing and mourning, till the fatal Abraham came in, snatched me away, hurried me out of the house where I was born, my only home, and tore me away from the dear mother who loved me as no other friend could do. She followed, weeping aloud, and imploring a moment's delay, when he turned round, and, striking her with his heavy cowhide, fiercely ordered her to stop howling and go back into the house.

"Thus was I snatched from the presence of my loving parents, and from the true affections of the dear ones of home. For thirteen weary years did my heart burn with its yearnings to that precious home. And then, at the age of twenty-two, I was permitted to revisit it; but I found all desolate—the family completely broken up. My father was sold and gone; my brothers and sisters, too, were sold and gone. My mother, prematurely old, heart-broken, utterly destitute, weak and dying, alone remained. I saw her, and wept once more on her bosom. I went back to my chains with a deeper woe in my heart than I had ever felt before. There was but one thought of joy in my wretched consciousness, and that was, that my kind and precious mother would soon be at rest in the grave. And then, too, I remember, I mused with deep earnestness on death, as the only friend the poor slave had. I wished that I, too, might lie down by my mother's side, and die with her, in her loving embrace.

"I should have related that one of the earliest scenes of painful memory associated with my opening years of suffering is connected with a severe whipping which my master inflicted on my sister Sarah. He tied her up, having compelled her to strip herself entirely naked, in the smoke-house, and gave her a terrible scourging. I heard her scream, and my mother was wringing her hands in agony of grief at the cruelties which her tender child was enduring. I do not know what she had done for which she was then whipped; but I remember that her body was marked and scarred for weeks after that terrible scourging, and that our parents always after seemed to hold their breath when they spoke of it. Sarah was the last of the family who was sold; and my poor mother never looked up after this final act of cruelty was accomplished. I think of my only sister now; and often try to imagine *where* she is, and *how* she fares in this cruel land of Slavery! And, O my God, how dark and wretched are these pictures! I cannot think of that poor sister without a sorrow too great for utterance.

"My journey to Wilmington with the heartless Abraham was a very sad one. We walked all the way. I was afraid of my savage companion; and yet my heart felt so desolate, and my longings for sympathy so intense, that I was impelled to turn to my cruel guide for relief. He was striding along in stern gloom and silence, too fast for my young feet to keep pace; and I began to feel that I *must* stop and rest. It was bitter cold, too, and I was poorly clad to bear the keen air of a January day. My limbs were weary with travel and stiff with cold. I could not go on at the rate I had done, and so I turned to my driver and begged him to take me into some hut and let me rest and get warm. He cursed me, and told me to keep silence and come along, or he would warm me with the cow-hide. O how cruel and hopeless my lot, thought I! Would that I could fall down here and die. We had just passed through a soft wet place, and it seemed to me that I was frozen. I fell down on my dark, cold way, unable to proceed. I was then carried into a slave's cabin to warm and rest. It was nearly midnight when I arrived with my driver at my place of exile and suffering. And certainly no heart could be more entirely wretched than I was when I threw my weary, aching body, on my cold hard bed.

"The next morning I was called into the presence of Mr. Jones, my new master, and my work was assigned me. I was to take care of the old grey horse, kept for the use of the family when they wished to ride out; to fetch water from the spring to the house; to go errands; clean the boots and shoes belonging to the white members of the family and visitors; to sweep the rooms, and bring wood from the wharf on my head for the fires at the house and store. From the dawn of day till ten or eleven, and sometimes twelve at night, I could hardly find a moment's time for rest. The memory of that year of constant toil and weariness has imprinted on my heart an impression of appalling sorrow. My dreams are still haunted with the agony of that year. I had just been torn from my home; my yearning heart was deprived of the sweet sympathy of those to whose memory I then clung, and to whom my heart still turns with irrepressible and unutterable longings. I was torn from them and put into a circle of cold, selfish, and cruel hearts, and to perform labours too great for my young strength. And yet I lived through that year, just as the slave lives on through weary years of suffering, on which no ray of light shines, save that which the hope of a better, happier future gives even to the desolate bondsman. I lived through it, with all its darkness and sorrow. That year I received my first whipping. I had failed one day to finish my allotted task. It seemed to me that I had done my best; but, somehow, that day, thoughts of home came so fresh and tender into my mind, and, along with these thoughts, a sense of my utter hopeless desolation came in and took such a strong hold of my heart, that I sank down a helpless, heart-broken child. My tasks for that day were neglected. The next morning my master made me strip off my shirt, and then whipped me with the cowhide till the blood ran trickling down the floor. My master was very profane, and, with dreadful oaths, he assured me that there was only one way for me to avoid a repetition of this terrible discipline, and that was to do my task every day sick or well.

"And so, this year went by; my duties were changed and my lot was made a little easier. The cook died and I was put into her place. I still had to get wood and keep the fires in the house, and after the work of cooking, setting the table, clearing away and washing the dishes, there was always something to be done for my mistress. I had little time to rest, but I got enough to eat, which I had not done the year before. I was by the comfortable fire a good part of the cold winter weather, instead of being exposed to the cold and wet as I had been the year before, and my labour was not so hard the second year as it had been the first.

"My mistress complained of me at length, that I was not so obedient as I ought to be, and so I was taken from the house into the store. My business there was to open and sweep out the store in the morning, and get all the things ready for the accomodation of customers who might come in during the day. I had to bring out and deliver all heavy articles, and to hold myself ready to run any errand my master, or David Codgell, his clerk, might wish to send me.

"While Codgell remained in the store I enjoyed a *gleam* of happiness. He was very kind, and always ready to show me how to do anything I did not understand, and to perform little acts of kindness to me. His condescension to me, a poor despised and friendless slave, and his tenderness to me while all others were severe and scornful, sank down with grateful emotions into my desolate heart. I seemed to be lifted up by this noble friend at times, from the dark despair which had settled down upon my life, and to be joined once more to a living hope of future improvement in my sad lot. My fervent gratitude and affection to David Codgell for his goodness to me still continue. How infinitely precious to my mourning heart were his noble and generous treatment. The poor slave boy whom he blessed with unfailing kindness is now grown to be a man, and has escaped from the dark misery of bondage. And now when I call upon my Father in heaven, to pour out rich blessings on the few friends who aided me, then David Codgell is remembered with fond and fervent affection. His kindness and generosity to the poor slaves was very offensive to my master and to other slaveholders; and so, at length, Mr. Jones turned him off, though compelled to acknowledge, he was the most trustworthy and valuable assistant he had ever had in his store.

"Mr. Codgell being dismissed, my master kept the books and waited upon the most genteel of his customers himself, leaving me to do the rest of the work. This continued six months, when he declared he could bear such confinement no longer, and he got a white boy to come and enter as clerk to stay till he was of age. James Dixon was about my own age, and when he came into the store could hardly read or write. He was accordingly engaged a part of each day with his books and writing. I saw him studying, and asked him to let me see his book. He let me take it and look at it, and answered very kindly many questions I asked him. He said he was trying to learn enough to fit him to do a good business for himself after he should get through with Mr. Jones. He told me that a man who had learning would always find friends, and get along very well in the world without having to work hard; while those who had no learning would have no friends, and be compelled to work very hard for a poor living all their days. This was all new to me, and furnished topics for wondering thought for days afterwards. The result of my meditations was, that an intense desire to learn to read and write took possession of my mind, occupying me wholly in waking hours, and stirring up earnest thoughts in my soul even when I slept.

"The question which then took hold of my whole consciousness was, how can I get a book to begin? James told me that a spelling book was the first one necessary in getting learning. I went one morning with a beating heart into the office of a printer, and asked him to sell me a spelling book. He looked at me in silence and with close attention for some time, and asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to learn to read. He shook his head and replied it would not answer for him to sell me a book to learn out of. 'You must not learn to read,' he added 'you will only get yourself into trouble if you attempt it; and I advise you to get that foolish notion out of your head as quickly as you can.'

"Determined to persevere till I had obtained this coveted treasure, I applied to another printer. He asked me the same question, with the same searching suspicious look. By my previous repulse, I found I could not obtain a spelling-book if I told what I wanted to do with it. I said I wanted the book for a white boy, which was at last handed to me, and I felt very rich with my long desired treasure. I got out of the store, and looking round to see that no one observed me, I hid my book in my bosom, and hurried on to my work, conscious that a new era in my life was opening upon me through the possession of this book. That consciousness at once awakened new thoughts, purposes, and hopes; a new life, in fact, in my experience. My mind was excited. The words spoken by James Dixon, of the great advantages of learning, made me intensely anxious to learn. I was a slave; and I knew that the whole community was in league to keep the poor slave in ignorance and chains. Yet I longed to be free, and to be able to move the minds of other men by my thoughts. It seemed to me now that, if I could learn to read and write, this learning might—nay, I really thought it would—point out to me the way to freedom, influence, and secure real happiness.

"So I hurried on to my master's store, and watching my opportunity to do it safe from curious eyes, I hid my book, with the utmost care, under some liquor barrels. I took the first opportunity of examining it, looking it over with the most intense eagerness, turning over its leaves, and trying to discover what the new and strange characters I saw in its pages might mean. But I found it in a vain endeavour. So I took an opportunity to ask James where a scholar must begin, in order to learn to read, and how. He laughed at my ignorance; and when he found I was in real earnest, he manifested a good deal of indignation. He told me, in scorn that it was not for such as *me* to try to improve, that *I* was a *slave*, and that it was not proper for *me* to learn to read. He threatened to tell my master; and at length, by his hard language, my anger was fully aroused, and I answered taunt with taunt. He called me a poor, miserable nigger; and I called him a poor, ignorant, white servant boy. While we were engaged in loud and angry words of mutual defiance and scorn, my master came into the store. Mr. Jones had never given me a whipping since the time I have already described during my first year of toil, want, and suffering in his service. But he had now caught me in the unpardonable offence of giving saucy language to a white boy, and one, too, who was in his employ. Without stopping to make any inquires, he took down the cowhide, and gave me a severe whipping. He told me never to talk back to a white man, on pain of flogging. I suppose this law or custom is universal at the South. It is thought necessary to enforce this habit of obsequious submission on the part of the coloured people to the Whites, in order to maintain their supremacy over the poor, degraded, and outraged slaves.

"I was now repulsed by James, so that I could hope for no assistance from him in learning to read. After casting about in vain for some time, at last, as kind Providence would have it, I succeeded on this wise: A boy named Hiram, about ten years old, came by the store one day, on his way home from school, while my master was gone home to dinner, and James was out of the way. I beckoned Hiram to come to me, and made a bargain with him to meet me each day at noon (when I was allowed a little time to get my dinner), to give me instruction in reading, for six cents a week. I met him the next day at his father's stable, the place agreed upon for our daily meeting; and the noble little Hiram gave me a thorough lesson in the alphabet. I learned it nearly all at that time, with what study I could give it by stealth during the day and night. And then again I felt lifted up and happy.

"My noble little teacher was very patient and faithful with me, and my days were passing in great happiness under the consciousness that I was learning to read. I felt at night, as I went to my rest, that I was really beginning to be a *man*; preparing myself for a condition in life better, and higher, and happier than could belong to the ignorant *slave*. And in this blessed feeling I found, waking and sleeping, a most precious happiness.

"I was permitted to enjoy these advantages, however, but a short time. A negro boy, belonging to Hiram's father, one day discovered our meeting, and what we were doing. He told his master of it, and Hiram was at once forbidden this employment. I had then got on so that I was reading and spelling words of two syllables. After I was deprived of my kind little teacher, I plodded on alone as well as I could. I got a little time to study by daylight in the morning before any one had risen; a moment's opportunity also at noon, and sometimes at night. During the day I was in the back store a good deal, and wherever I thought I could steal five minutes I took my book aside to learn. If I heard James, or master Jones, or any customer coming in, I dropped my book among the barrels, and pretended to be very busy doing some other work. I was often very nearly detected. My master suspected something, because I was so still in the back room, and came several times very slyly to see what I was about. But I always heard his tread, or saw his shadow on the wall, in time to hide my book.

"Presently I obtained some instruction from a free coloured friend whom I knew. He also taught me to write, and it was cause of great excitement and happiness when at last I was able to write out my name in large letters.—THOMAS JONES.

"But about this time an untoward circumstance happined, which I must now relate. I was at the store early one morning, and, thinking I was safe from all danger for a few minutes, had seated myself in the back room, on one of the barrels, to study. While I was absorbed in this happy enterprize, my master came in, much earlier than usual, and, I did not hear him. He came directly into the back store. I saw his shadow on the wall, just in time to throw my book over in among the barrels, before he could see what it was although he perceived I had thrown something quickly away. His suspicion was aroused. He said I had been stealing something out of the store, and he fiercely ordered me to get what I threw away just as he was coming in. Without a moment's hesitation, I determined to save my precious book and my future opportunities to learn out of it. I knew it it was discovered all was lost, and I felt prepared for any hazard or suffering rather than give up my book and my hopes of improvement. So I replied at once to his question, that I had not thrown anything away. My master declared in a high passion that I was lying, and ordered me to begin and roll away the barrels. This I did, but managed to keep the book slipping along, so that it was not perceived. He charged me again with stealing and throwing something away, and in a great rage got down his long heavy cowhide, and ordered me to strip off my jacket and shirt, saying, with an oath, 'I'll make you tell me what it was you had when I came in.' I stripped myself, and came forward according to his directions, at the same time denying his charge with great earnestness of tone, and look, and manner. He cut me on my naked back, perhaps thirty times, with great severity, making the blood flow freely. He then stopped, swore terribly, and declared he would kill me. He then whipped me a second time, with greater severity, and at greater length than before. I was determined to die, if I could possibly bear the pain, rather than give up my dear book. He whipped me the third time, and then, seizing hold of my shoulders, turned me round, as though he would inflict on my quivering flesh still another scourging; but he saw the deep gashes he had already made, and the blood already flowing under his cruel infliction, and his stern purposes failed him. He told me to put on my shirt again. I did as he bade me, although the coarse shirt, touching my raw back, put me to a cruel pain. He then went out, and I got my book and hid it safely before he came in again. When I went to the house, my wounds had dried, and I was in an agony of pain. My mistress told the servant girl to help me off with my shirt, to wash the wounds and put on them some sweet oil. The shirt was dried to my back, so that it could not be got off without tearing some of the skin with it. The pain of this was greater even than I had endured from my cruel whipping.

"My mangled body at length recovered, and my book was still left. This was my best, my constant friend. With great eagerness I snatched every moment I could get, morning, noon, and night, for study. I had begun to read; and, O! how I loved to dwell on the thoughts which I gained from my reading. About this time I read, 'God, who sees and knows all our thoughts, loves the good and makes them happy; while he is angry with the wicked, and will punish them for all their sins.' This made me very unhappy, because I was sure I was not good in the sight of God. I thought about this, and could not get it out of my mind a single hour. So I went to a coloured man who exhorted the slaves sometimes, and told him my trouble, asking, 'What shall I do?' He told me I must pray to the Lord Jesus to forgive me, and help me to be good and happy. So I went home and prayed, but I found no relief, no comfort for my unhappy mind. My master perceived this and asked what ailed me. I did not dare *now* to tell a lie, so I told him just how it was with me. He swore terribly, and said he would whip me if I did not give over praying. He said there was no heaven and no hell—that Christians were all hypocrites—that there was nothing after this life—and that he would not permit me to mope alone, praying and going to meetings. I told him I could not help praying; and then he cursed me in a great passion, and declared he would whip me if he knew of my going on any more in that foolish way.

"The following night I went to a Methodist meeting, and was so much overcome by my feelings that I staid very late. They prayed for me, but I did not yet find any relief; I was still very unhappy. The next morning my master came in, and asked me if I went the night before to the meeting. I told him the truth. He said 'Did not I tell you I would whip you if you went near these meetings, and did not I tell you to stop this foolish praying?' I told him he did, but that I could not help praying, because I wanted to be good, that I might go to heaven. This reply made him very angry. With many oaths he whipped me, and then forbade, with bitter threatenings, my praying any more, or again going to meeting. But I continued to pray for comfort and peace, and next Sabbath went again. The minister preached a sermon on being born again from the words of Jesus to Nicodemus. All this only deepened my trouble of mind. Next morning my master whipped me again, and once more forbade my going to meeting and praying.

"The following Sabbath I went to a class meeting, led by a free coloured man. My master asked me next morning where I had been the evening before. I told him the whole truth. For this my master cursed me again, and said he would whip me for my obstinate disobedience, declaring he would kill me if I did not promise to obey him. When he came into the store, two of his neighbours also came in. He ordered me to strip off my clothes, and took down the cowhide, heavy and stiff with blood, which he had before drawn from my body with the cruel weapon, and which was congealed upon it. One of his neighbours professed to be a Christian, and earnestly interceded for me, but to no purpose. The other asked my master if he did not know that a slave was worth more money after he became pious, than he was before. And why, then, he said, should you forbid Tom going to meetings and praying? He replied that religion was all a mockery, and he was not going to have any of his slaves praying and whining about their souls. He then whipped me with great severity, inflicting terrible pain at every blow upon my quivering body, which was still very tender from recent lacerations. My suffering was so great, that it seemed to me I should die. He paused at length, and asked me if I would desist from praying. I told him I could not promise this, for I felt I must and should pray as long as I lived. 'Well then, Tom,' he said, 'I swear that I will whip you to death.' I told him, if he was determined to kill me, I could not help myself, but that *I must pray while I lived*. He then began to whip me the second time, but soon stopped, threw down the bloody cowhide, and told me to go and wash in the river, and then dress myself, and if I was determined to be a fool, why I must be one.

"Next Friday evening I went again to the prayer meeting, which was opened with the sweet hymn, which begins with these words—

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

I felt that it all applied very closely to my condition, and while the minister prayed for me, and for those who knelt by my side, I felt the glory of God's love warming my heart, so that I shouted aloud for joy, and tried to tell all my poor slave brothers and sisters, who were in the house, what a dear Saviour I had found, and how happy I felt in his precious love.

"The minister asked me if I could forgive my master. I told him I could, and did, and that I could pray God to forgive him too, and make him a good man. He asked me if I could tell my master of the change in my feelings. I told him I should acquaint my master in the morning. 'And what,' he asked, 'will you do if he whips you still for praying and going to meeting?' I said, 'I will ask Jesus to help me to bear the pain, and to forgive my master for being so wicked.'

"A good many of us went from the meeting to a brother's cabin, where we began to express our joy in happy songs. The palace of General Dudley was near, and he soon sent over a slave with orders to stop our noise, or he would send the patrols upon us, so we stopped our singing, and spent the remainder of our time in talking, rejoicing, and praying. It was a night of very great happiness to me. The contrast between my feelings then, and for many weeks previous, was very great. Now, all was bright and joyous in my relations towards my precious Saviour. I felt certain that Jesus was my Saviour, and in this blessed assurance, a flood of joy and peace filled my happy soul. But this sweet night passed away, and, as the morning came, I felt that I must go home, and bear the *slave's heavy* cross.

"My mistress, who was piously inclined, had promised to intercede for me with my cruel master. I told her the blessed change in my feelings. She said she would give me what aid she could with my master, and enjoined upon me to be patient and very faithful to his interest, and that in this way I might at length weary out his opposition. I went down to the store in a very happy frame of mind. I told James my feelings, who called me a fool, and said my master would certainly whip me. The latter came down and talked with me awhile, saying he must whip me because I had disobeyed him in staying out all night. I began to take off my clothes as usual. He called me a crazy fool, and bade me keep them on till he told me to take them off. He whipped me over my jacket; but I enjoyed such a peace of mind, I scarcely felt the cow-hide. This was the last whipping Mr. Jones ever inflicted on me.

"I was now nearly 18 years old. As far as a slave can be, I endeavoured to be cheerful, and very earnest to do all I could for my master and mistress. I was resolved to convince them I was happier and better for being a Christian; and my master at last acknowledged he could not find any fault with me, that it was impossible to find a more faithful slave than I was to him. He became much less severe, and allowed me more time to myself, and I pursued my studies as far as I could, but soon found the utter impossibility of carrying them on as I wished to do. I was a slave, and all avenues to real improvement I found guarded with jealous care and cruel tenacity against the despised and desolated bondman.

"I still felt a longing desire to improve and to be free, but the conviction was getting hold of my mind, that I was only struggling in vain when seeking to elevate myself into a manly and happy position, and now my soul was fast sinking into despair. I could read and write, and often enjoyed much happiness in poring over the very few books I could obtain, and especially found great peace in reading my old, worn Testament. There I read that Jesus came from the bright heaven of his glory into this selfish and cruel world to seek and to save the lost. I read and pondered with deep earnestness the blessed rule of healy love which Jesus declared to be man's great duty to his fellow—each to treat his brother as he would be treated. I thought of the command given to the followers of the loving Saviour, to teach all nations to obey the blessed precepts of the gospel. I considered that eighteen hundred years had rolled away since Jesus died for man's redemption and salvation, and ascending up to heaven, had left His work of mercy to be finished by His children; and then I thought that I, and thousands of my brethren and sisters, loving the Lord, and pressing on to a blessed and endless home in his presence, were slaves, branded, whipped, chained; deeply, hopelessly, degraded; thus degraded and outraged, too, in a land of Bibles, and Sabbaths, and Churches, and by professed followers of a Lord of love and mercy. Such reflections caused my mind to be oppressed with sadness and darkness for some time. Often such thoughts were too much for me, and, in an agony of despair, I at times gave up prayer and hope together, believing that my master's words must be true, that 'religion is a cursed mockery, and the Bible a lie.' God forgive my doubting mind! One thing alone saved me from going at once and fully into dark infidelity, when such agonies assailed my bleeding heart, and that was the memory of those seasons of unspeakable joy when love and faith were strong in my heart. The sweet remembrance of these blessed hours would draw me back to Jesus, and to peace in his mercy. O! that all true Christians knew just how the slave feels in view of the professed religion of America, by whose sanction men, women, and children are bound and branded, bought and sold 'like the beasts that perish.'

"About this time my master was taken ill; he was prostrated by mortal pains, and in six days he died, leaving fifteen slaves, who were all sold. I was purchased by Owen Holmes for 435 dollars, being then in my twenty-third year. I had just passed through the darkest season of despairing agony I had yet known, arising from the visit described, to my dear old desolate home.

"I now entered on a new and distinct era of my life, which I shall briefly describe, closing the present period of sorrow and shame with a few lines of touching interest to my mind:

"Who shall avenge the slave? I stood and cried;
The earth! the earth! the echoing sea replied.
I turned me to the ocean, but each wave
Declined to be the avenger of the slave.
Who *shall* avenge the slave? my species cried;
The winds, the flood, the lightnings of the sky.
I turned to these, from them one echo ran,
The right avenger of the slave is man.
Man was my fellow; in *his* sight I stood,
Wept and besought him by the voice of blood.
Sternly he looked, as proud on earth he trod,
Then said, the avenger of the slave is God.
I looked in prayer towards heaven, awhile 'twas still,
And then, methought, God's voice replied; *I will!*

"Before I enter upon the new developments of wrongs and woes, which I, as a slave, was called to endure, I must go back two or three years from the time my master died, and I was sold to Owen Holmes. The bitterness of persecution, which Master Jones had kept up against me so long because I endeavoured to serve the Lord, had passed away. My master laid aside his terrible severity towards me. By his treatment of me afterwards, he *seemed* to feel that he had done me wrong in scourging me as he had done because I could not obey his wicked commands; and he now permitted me to attend our meetings without molestation, besides granting me other little favours which I had never before received from him.

"About this time I began to feel very lonely. I wanted a friend to whom I could tell my story of sorrow, of unsatisfied longing, of new and fondly cherished plans. I wanted a companion whom I could love with all my warm affections, who should love me in return with a true and fervent heart, of whom I might think when toiling for a selfish unfeeling master, who should dwell fondly on my memory when we were separated during the severe labours of the day, and with whom I might enjoy the blessed happiness of social endearments after the work of each day was over. My heart yearned to have a home, if it was only the wretched home of the unprotected slave; to have a wife to love me and to love. It seems to me that no one can have such fondness of love, and such intensity of desire for *home* and home-affections, as the poor slave. Despised and trampled upon by a cruel race of unfeeling men, the bondman must die in the prime of his wretched life if he finds no refuge in a dear home, where love and sympathy shall meet him from hearts made sacred to him by his own irrepressible affection and tenderness for them.

"And so I sought to love and to win a true heart. I did this with a full knowledge of the desperate agony that the slave husband and father is exposed to. Had I not seen this in the anguish of my own parents? Yea, I saw it in every public auction where men, and women, and children were brought upon the block, examined, and bought. I saw it on such occasions; in the hopeless agony depicted on the countenance of husband and wife, there separated to meet no more in this cruel world; and in the screams of wild despair and useless entreaty which the mother sent forth, deprived of her darling child. I heard the doom which stares every slave-parent in the face each waking and sleeping hour of an unhappy life, and yet I sought to become a husband and a father, because I felt I could no longer live unloved and unloving.

"I was married to Lucilla Smith, the slave of Mrs. Moore. We *called it*, and *we considered it a true marriage*, though we knew well that marriage was not permitted to slaves as the sacred right of the loving heart. Lucilla was seventeen years old when we were married. I loved her with all my heart, and she gave me a return for my affection. O! God of love, thou knowest what happy hours we have passed in each other's society in our poor cabin.

"When we knelt in prayer, we never forgot to ask God to save us from the misery of cruel separation while life and love were our portion. O, how we have talked of this dreadful fate, and wept in mingling sorrows as we thought of our desolation, if we should be parted and doomed to live on weary years away from each other's dear presence. We had three dear little babes. Our fondness for our precious children increased the current feeling of love for each other, which filled our hearts. They were bright, precious things, those little babes; at least, so they seemed to us. Lucilla and I were never tired of planning to improve their condition, so far as might be done for slaves. We prayed with new fervency to our Father in heaven to protect our precious darlings. Lucilla was very proud of me, because I could read and write, and she often spoke of my teaching our dear little ones, and then she would say, with tears, 'Who knows, Thomas, but *they* may yet be *free and happy*?'

"My wife was a valuable slave to her mistress, a good seamstress, and very expert at her needle, but I had a constant fear of her being sold, and dreaded a final separation, our affection for each other being very strong. These fears were well founded, as our sorrowing hearts too soon learned. A few years of very pure and constant happiness, for slaves, passed away, and we were cruelly parted, to meet but once again till we meet in eternity. Mrs. Moore left for Wilmington, and removed to Newburn, taking with her my beloved Lucilla, and my three children, Annie, four years old; Lizzie, two and a half years; and our sweet little babe, Charlie. She remained there eighteen months; and O, how lonely and dreary and desponding were those months of lonely life to my crushed heart!

"My dear wife and my precious children were 74 miles distant from me, carried away from me in utter scorn of my beseeching words. I was tempted to put an end to my wretched life. I thought of my dear family by day and by night. A deep despair was in my heart, such as no one is called to bear in such cruel, crushing power as the poor slave, severed for ever from the objects of his love, by the rapacity of his brother.

"But that dark time of despair passed away, and I saw once more my wife and children. Mrs. Moore left Newburn for Tuscaloosa in Alabama, and passing through Wilmington on her journey, she spent one night in her old home. That night I passed with my wife and children. Lucilla had pined away under the agony of our separation, even more than I had done. That night she wept on my bosom, and we mingled bitter tears together. Our dear children were baptized in the tears of agony that were wrung from our breaking hearts. The just God remember that night in the last award that we and our oppressors are to receive.

"The next morning, Mrs. Moore embarked on board the packet. I followed my dear wife and children to the boat, and parted from them without a word of farewell. Our sobs and tears were our only adieu. Our hearts were too full of anguish for any other expression of our hopeless woe. I have never seen that dear family since, nor have I heard from them since I parted from them there. God only the bitterness of my agony, experienced in the separation of my wife and children from me. The memory of that great woe will bear a fresh impression on my heart while that heart shall beat. How will the gifted and the great meet the charge against them at the great day, as the Judge shall say to them, in stern displeasure, 'I was sick, destitute, imprisoned, helpless, and ye minstered not unto me, for when ye slighted and despised these wretched, pleading slaves, ye did these acts of scorn against me. Depart, ye workers of iniquity.'"

THE GHOST-RAISER.

My Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, *will* tell stories. Among them, he tells his Single Ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunderstorm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at a full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as ostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat, and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostlery described by Izaak Walton. There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which everyone seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a travelling merchant or pedlar. My next neighbour was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, he said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker giving him a dark fierce look, said:

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

"The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognised him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbour, still in the same mocking manner replied:

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum, if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone:

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well, if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and, in a minute or two, the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the pedlar amongst us. In a low solemn voice, he began to chant the following lines—

"What riseth slowly from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot,
On the fresh green turf."

Then raising his voice solemnly, he said:

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned three years ago, off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedlar stamped three times on the ground and sang—

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face,
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered, in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you not afraid?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted in a sepulchral voice—

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to